MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 59 $5.95

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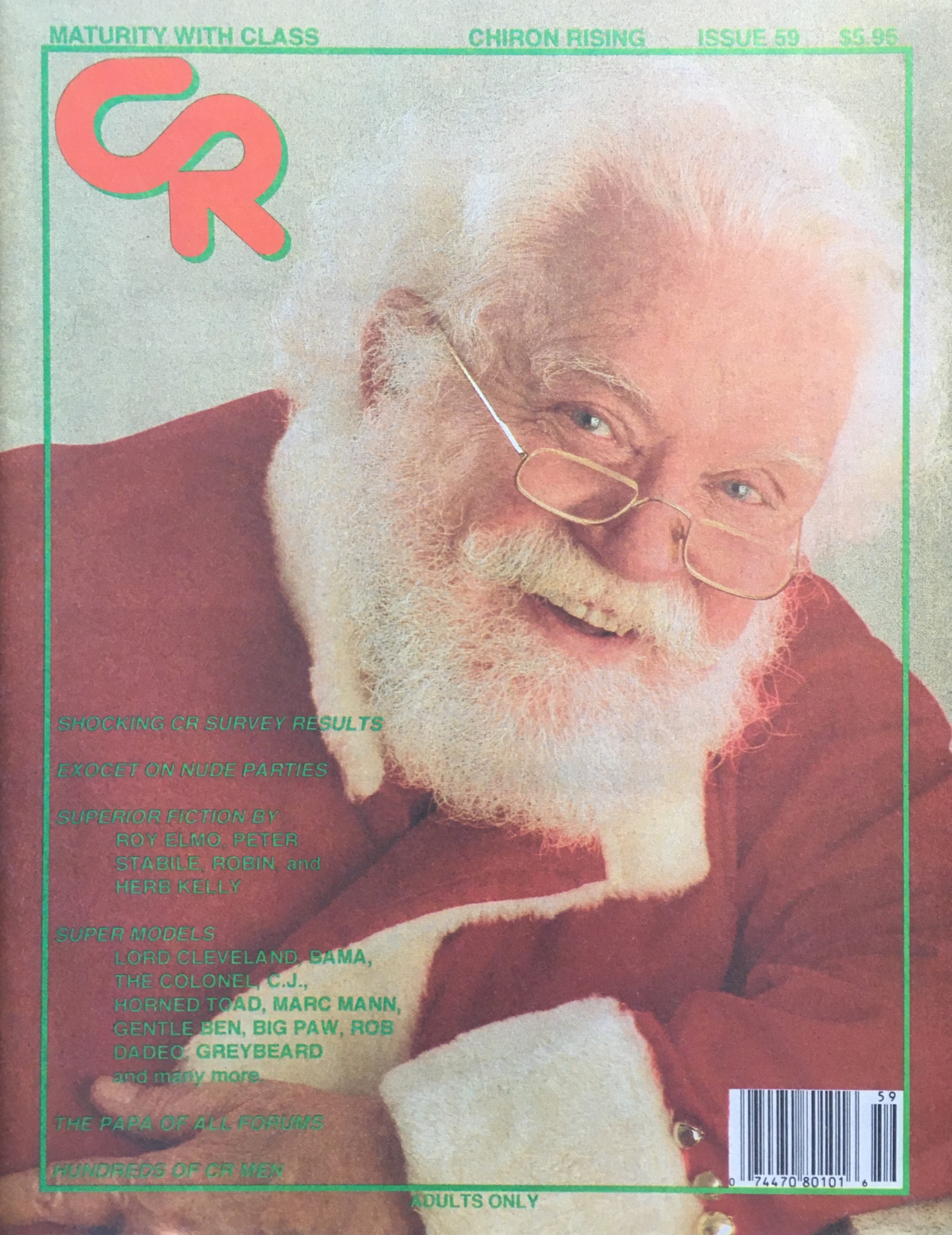

SHOCKING CR SURVEY RESULTS

EXOCET ON NUDE PARTIES

SUPERIOR FICTION BY
ROY ELMO, PETER STABILE, ROBIN, and HERB KELLY

SUPER MODELS
LORD CLEVELAND, BAMA, THE COLONEL, C.J., HORNED TOAD, MARC MANN, GENTLE BEN, BIG PAW, ROB DADEO, GREYBEARD and many more.

THE PAPA OF ALL FORUMS

HUNDREDS OF CR MEN

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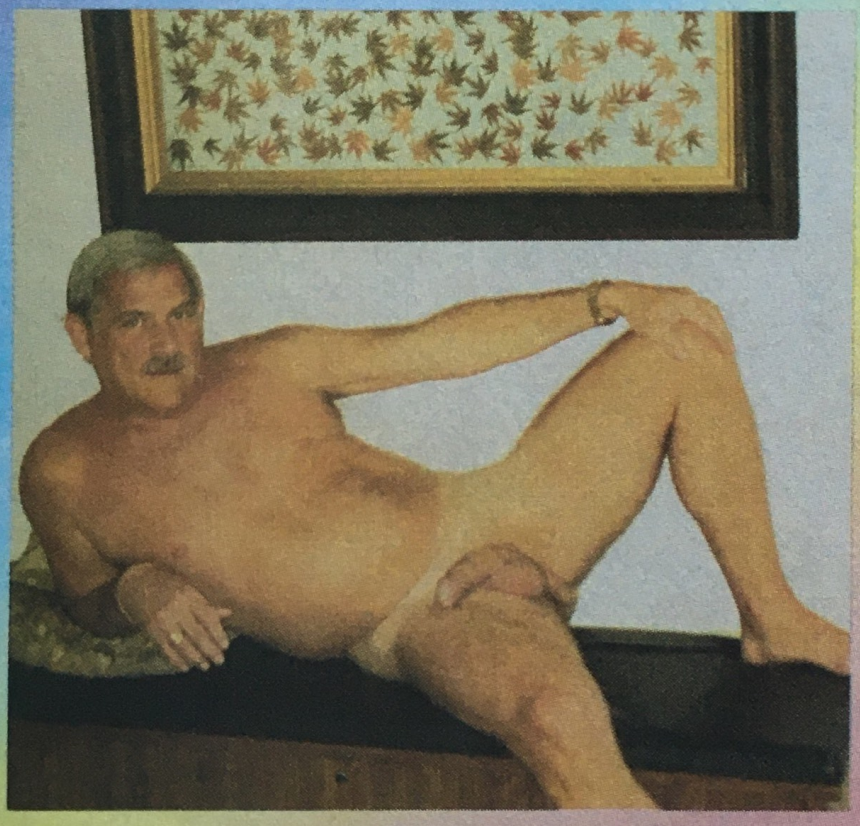
ADULTS ONLY

BAMA

photos by JOE



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ISSUE 59

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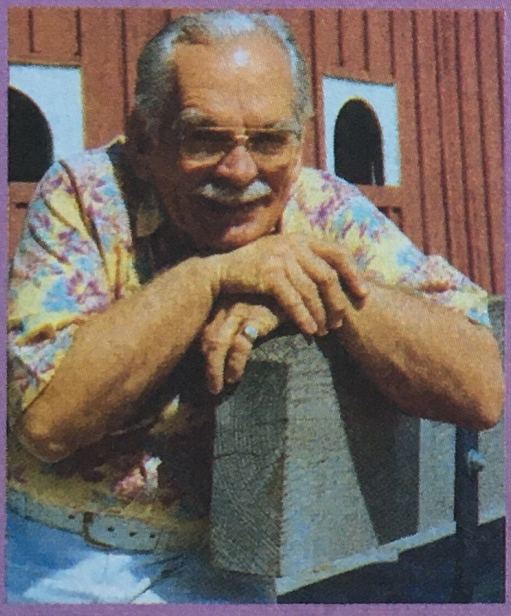
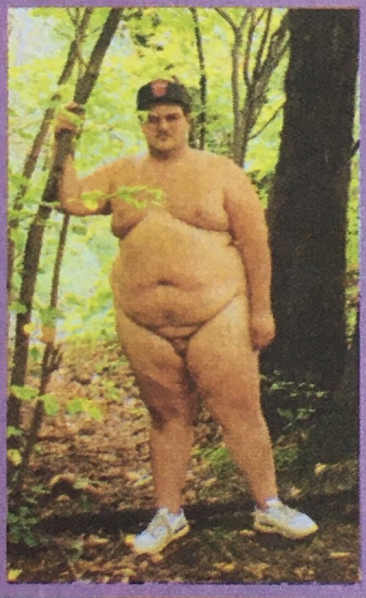
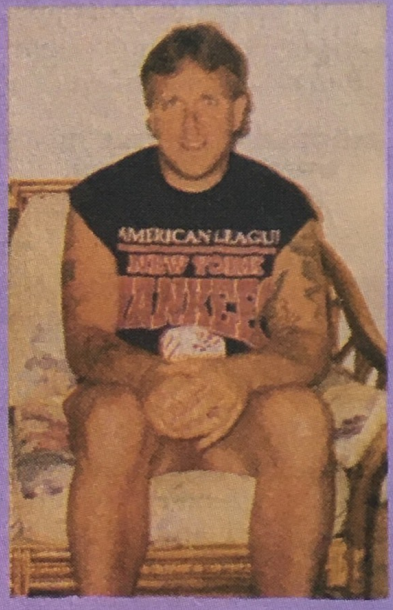
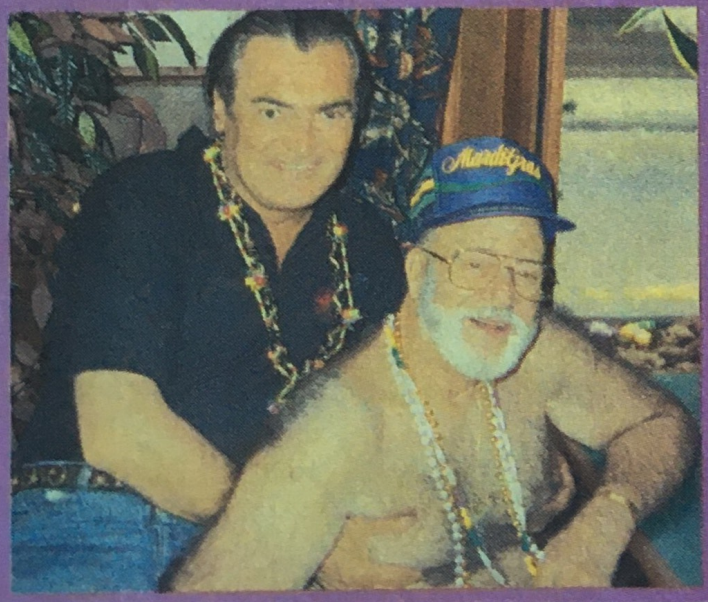
CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFEMATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.





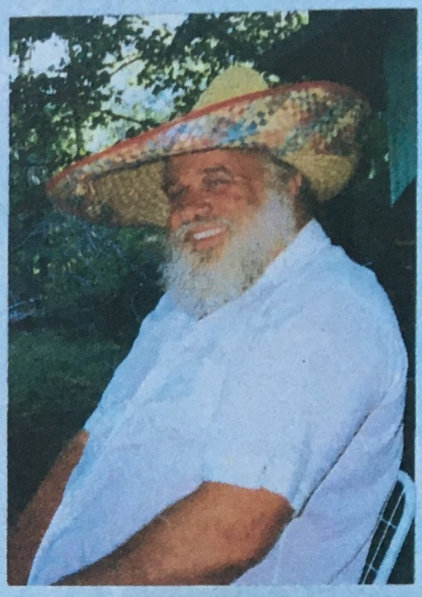


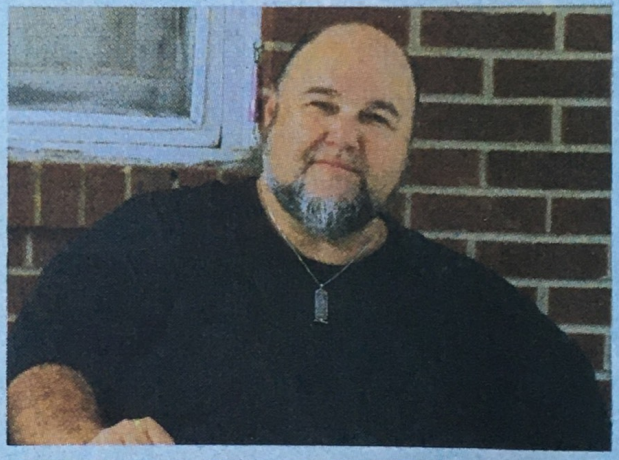
Left to right - Top: **STARR** - a self-portrait; **SUBMISSIVE BEAR CUB** - photo by PAPA SMURF. Middle: **PLOVER** - photo by QUETZAL; **BENNIE BAYAR** - photo by LEE; **LONG ISLANDER** - photo by P.L. Bottom: **ROBERTO** - photo by E.G.; **VETERAN ATHLETES** - photo by D.G.T.



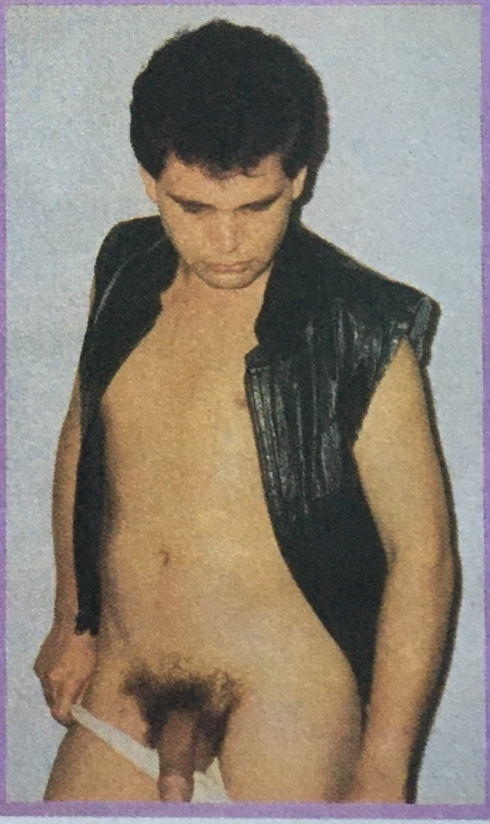
Left to right - Top: **C.J.** and **THE COLONEL** - photo by KENT JUSTICE. Middle: **ROMULUS** and **THE COLONEL** - photo by TOMCAT. Bottom: **GABRIEL** and **THE COLONEL** - photo by Anon; **IRONWORKER** and **THE COLONEL** - photo by TOMCAT

MATURE AND READY





Clockwise from upper left: **WALKER, JONBEAR & THE IRISHMAN** - photo by Anon; **THE HERMIT** - photo by DUKE; **ULTIMATE DADDY** - a self-portrait; **ILLINOIS BILL** - a self-portrait; **SEADOG** - photo by DAVID



Clockwise from upper left : **SHANN** - photo by MOE; **COLT 45** - photo by R. Aciolli; **SEATTLE BOY** - photo by Z; **PICANTE** - a self-portrait; **JOCKAMO** - photo by J. Lorenzo; **J.B.** - photo by P.J. Center : **THE EM & M** - photo by Senior Caliente

Clockwise from top: **TIGER & TEDDY** - photo by Anon; **BLIXA & GERHARD** - photo by RENE´; **MUSIC MAN II & BB** - photo by Anon; **SUN-N-FUN & R.R. MICHIGAN** - photo by M.W.

FORUM

RESPONSES BY NEW READERS: A RICHNESS OF DIVERSITY

Thanks for your rapid response to my request for a sample issue. I was most favorably impressed with it and would like to subscribe. I was especially impressed with the three fiction pieces. They were such a pleasant change from the "slurp and burp" genre generally found in gay magazines. I've always maintained gay relationships are comprised of more than leaping in and out of bed, and these pieces seemed to point to the fact that there is a hell of a lot of feelings involved. H.H./Washington

I was introduced to your magazine by a long-time friend here in San Mateo. I can't begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed the stories, articles, and pictures about post-pubescent people. I am a gay man, 54 years old, father of seven children, grandfather of ten, who for the last 20 years has enjoyed life with my partner of choice. I knew 40 years ago that I preferred men, but I also knew that I couldn't live as an outcast. After 15 years of marriage and the children, I was divorced and a year later met Mr. Right. Hurray for middle age and beyond! J.V./Northern California

Well, what can I say but thank you for your great magazines. The sample issues arrived sooner than I expected, and when I began to browse and read it blew me away! So you must accept my apology right now, as initially I thought your magazine was nothing but just another mediocre publication when I inquired in April (therefore explaining my reticence until last month in obtaining any copies), but what I found was different. Finally a literate and intelligent publication catering to my kind of tastes as a closeted man of 25. A magazine not only for ogling but also for reading--really reading. Love the mix of articles, both gay and non-gay orientated. I also enjoy CR CLASSICS very much. I read it in one sitting! T.S./England

My congratulations to CR for that beautiful and moving short story, "A Touch of Harry" (CR#57). I'm much impressed with the quality of the writing and I hope we can have more stories by Richard Power. I enjoyed "Coming Home" by Marsh Cassady also. Very well written. I hope you can continue to give us the good writing which appears to be characteristic of CR. J.B./Texas

Read about you in the *Advocate Classifieds*. I'm 68, widowered and 90% straight, but I would like to receive your publication. R.C./Florida

I read the article on page 39 of the *Advocate Classifieds* Issue 25 and enjoyed every bit of it. I'm a retired physician--newly divorced, in early 70s, parent of three grown-ups, apparently straight all my life--with hidden desires to be really loved sexually and spiritually with either sex (prefer men, but scared to show it). I live in my own "Fantasy Island" sort of home with swimming pool--all built for my wife, who asked for it and later decided to refuse it, having never seen it. Instead, she asked for a divorce from another state, where she lives in my beautiful home that I've been paying on for 21 years (and still paying). Well, I feel very lonely and I need desperately to be loved with the real heart (as mine), and in turn I'll give mine 100% for a happy, loving, sexual and spiritual life for good. I would like from him versatility, health, honesty, generosity, cleanliness, strength and down-to-earth character. I'm white with plenty of snow on the superior head, but there is plenty of heat in the inferior big head, if ignited by the right Mr. Right (regardless of age, if he feels as healthy, hot and strong as I). I do my own landscaping, push mowing and manual shearing (my weekly jogging equivalent). Please help me out of this loneliness. DOCTOR SNOW

DOCTOR SNOW hasn't responded as yet to the brochure we sent, but we felt we had to at least try to help him by publishing his letter. PHC

Thank you for your quick response and the wonderful magazine. Luck, pure luck, made me pick up the *Advocate Classifieds* and discover, like Columbus, new horizons and fresh virginal attitudes that give dignity to the seasoned male. I'd not browsed through an *Advocate* issue for 15 years, having tired of youthful exaggerations and hype. I am 46 years old and have always favored the company of autumn friendships, knowing that these individuals always possessed spring attributes. In college and after in my professional career I have always sought matured companions. Life force-feeds everyone disappointment, but these warriors nurture and complement and provide mentoring that a male needs to push into the next day. I have jogged for 15 years and continue to do so and envision such individuals taking the same roadways and paths with me. I am convinced that Thoreau needed such a human being to complete his Waldon Pond experience. He did not connect and his legacy turned his pond into pollution because the philosophical coupling did not materialize. Your magazine provides the cable to hook-up and make our Waldon Ponds. A.G./Idaho

REACTIONS TO PAPA BEAR's "COMING OUT FOR SENIORS" - CR #57

This month I celebrate my 61st birthday and I've just come out. A young man I met at a bar suggested I look for your publication. I did, but I couldn't find it. A second fellow gave me CR#57 as a gift. I thumbed through it and immediately noticed PAPA BEAR's essay "Coming Out For Seniors." It was serendipity. He had written my story. At the age of 23 with no gay experience and no knowledge of where to find it, I married a lovely young woman.

Before the wedding date. I visited a psychiatrist to express my fear that I was doing something inappropriate. He disagreed and encouraged me to go ahead. Almost immediately I was inducted for service in the Korean War. I was scared stiff. How could I go into a shower room with a barracks full of men? I had never been naked in front of another man. I was not an athlete, and my father had died when I was eleven. To prevent our separation so soon after being wed, we quickly decided to have a child. At that time, expectant fathers were excused from serving. We were successful on our first try, had a baby boy, and I never entered the service. Seven years later, I had my first gay encounter and liked it. For three or four years, I sought and found gay sex partners, and I was sure that was right for me. However my not coming home for dinner because I was in a gay bar or not returning home from work until 2 a.m. irritated my wife, who didn't deserve that kind of behavior. We now had a house and three sons. I had to make a decision. I committed to my marriage and family and remained faithful for the next 27 years until her death this year after 37 years of marriage. Now, I believe it is my time to live the honest life I should have led. PAPA BEAR hit it on the head. I too was an educator and an administrator, a leader of my religious congregation and a pillar of the community. I'm a board member of half a dozen community agencies and a grandfather of two. If I had been asked what I would be looking for in a gay partner, I would probably have said a person of similar life experience and definitely someone older than my sons, who are 30, 34 and 35. However, I have lived with the myth that to be wanted in gay society one must be young, slim and handsome. That perception keeps me from making the first pass. I don't want to be rejected, so in the few months I have visited gay environments, I have waited for and responded to those who have approached me. As it has happened, those who have come on to me these past several months have been between the ages of 26 and 36, and that has been terrific for me. I feel young and attractive for the first time in my life. I now know that that is where my preference lies, and I am enjoying that realization and the company of slim, fair-haired young men. I intend to follow PAPA BEAR's advice and not make any announcements. When I find the right partner for a life-sharing relationship, that will be the time to tell my family and friends who I really am. Thank you, PAPA BEAR, for knowing me and for setting me on the right path in my new life. Since I am round and firm and fully packed, yet free and easy on the draw, I am signing off as: PHILLIP MORRIS/ New York

What a great day! I just brought home CR#57 and CRC #2. Couldn't put them down. Great stuff! Wonderful shots of some fine looking men. Only one problem. I had to drive 200 miles to find and buy them. I live in Northwest New Mexico near the Four Corners area, and there is not one adult book store closer than Albuquerque. Anyway, I thought I was all alone in my quest to find someone my age that I could really talk to and sit down or lay down with and be honest with. At least now I know I'm not alone, but my chances do seem kind of slim for finding anyone. I'm a young 68, looking for someone 55 or up, who is also looking for someone to spend some quality time with, just to get to know one another and ourselves. I'm kind of new to this way of life, and I've got a lot to learn. I'm a pretty slow, easy-going fellow, so I'll need some time. In that essay by PAPA BEAR about coming out for seniors, I really agree with what he said. If my wife were to pass on, I would try, but I don't know if I could. My daughters would understand, I'm sure, but my sons-in-law--no way. And my grandkids . . . losing them would result in a void I don't think I could handle. So it looks like I'm closet-bound for the time being. B.H./ New Mexico

To say I found PAPA BEAR's essay *thought provoking* or *must reading* would be quite an understatement. I've re-read it numerous times, each time triggering a different set of reactions and experiences. I'd like to share the stronger of these some time, but I now only want to react to his oft-repeated term: "lifestyle." We have all seen the Sheldons, Lumpkins and Mabons of this world espouse the phrase "gay lifestyle" with a vengeance. Thank goodness, one of our spokespersons, reacting to some recent homophobic legislative activity in Georgia, finally stated, "There's no such thing as a 'gay lifestyle'!" Dictionaries would agree. They say "lifestyle" has to do with *consumption*: acquiring one's money and how it's spent on housing, food, clothing, and recreation. "Lifestyle" brings up terms like hippie, condo owner, bag lady, rancher, BMW driver, homeless, yuppie, world traveler, sports fan, union worker, opera goer, and so on. Not one of these gives a clue to the gender of whom the person does or would love, cherish and be emotionally and physically intimate with (in fact or in fantasy). Affectional or sexual "orientation" may not be ideal, but it's the best found to date. Some years ago, The *Advocate* embellished its cover with the phrase, "Catering to Your Lifestyle." Each issue was full of ads for and reviews of rock music, discos, cruise ships, resorts, high-fashion accessories, etc. That indeed evoked a lifestyle, though hardly *mine*. Fortunately, they dropped that questionable phrase before too long. I'll concede, however, that for *some* people there actually *is* a gay or lesbian lifestyle: they live in or near a gay "ghetto," patronize (almost exclusively) gay-owned or -oriented stores, theaters, restaurants, etc., and may have few non-gay contacts socially or even at work. However, nation-wide or world-wide, I don't believe that would fit a large percentage of us. Having said all that, let's get back to different degrees of "outness" between partners, whether or not age-related. What a consuming issue! With the usual compliments and best wishes. ERIC/ Palo Alto

WIN SOME/LOSE SOME

For the time being, I'm not renewing my subscription. You don't seem to attract guys in Oregon. I know one or two Oregonians who read CR; all the others, and those

from Florida, New York, etc., that come to stay with me do not subscribe. R.B./Oregon

Maybe it's the other way around. Maybe R.B./Oregon doesn't attract CR readers from Oregon, Florida and New York. Could it be his barbed putdown of non-English Americans in CR #55, page 6? PHC

RUSSIAN BEAR

I appreciate all of the compliments and attention your magazine and readers have given me lately. I must inform you however that I am currently seeing a very nice man and am quite content with the relationship we have at this time. I met him following numerous communications by mail and phone after the original photographs of me were printed in your magazine. I thank you for making that possible. Because of my current relationship, I will not be sending any more photographs, and I also would like to request that you stop forwarding reader mail to me. I appreciate the efforts of CR and am thankful for the opportunities it has afforded me. RUSSIAN BEAR/Texas

KENN RICHIE

Recently I was flipping through my lover's copy of CR and was so shocked when I read about the passing of Ron Collier (aka KENN RICHIE). I first met Ron through *Small Gazette*, when I answered his ad about two years ago. He was my very best penpal; I had saved all his letters until there was no more room for them in my desk drawer. Then, in January or February of this year, I threw out almost all of his letters, save for the first and the last, postmarked February 2, 1993. I was, and still am, furious at myself for disposing of these brilliant and entertaining pieces of correspondence. I had anticipated many more, but I knew that something was wrong when the letters stopped. Although I never knew him except as a penpal, he was such a sweet, giving gentleman, always thinking of others before himself. I only wish that I could have done more for him, other than offering him a place to stay if and when he was in San Francisco. I was so looking forward to stopping by to see him the next time I was in L.A., but I do have some wonderful memories of his letters. Like the time he told me that I was the only penpal who would discuss our shared love for artichokes. Why not? Where were you, guys? And how many of you have a completely nude picture of Ron as I do? I will treasure that forever. He told me about the difficulties he had getting his prosthesis, but he was so happy when it did arrive. Another gem indicating his great sense of humor was when he went shopping soon after he started wearing his new "leg." He evidently twisted it so that it came off his stump. He told me how he went toward the supermarket check-out, dragging his artificial limb behind him, and how people stared, and how the supermarket cashier almost fainted when she saw a man with a piece of one leg being pulled behind him. Throughout all his pain and misfortune, he never once lost his delightful sense of humor. And I shall never lose memories of this gentleman--a true gentleman. I have his nude picture before me now. He sure was a big man physically, but nothing was bigger than his heart. I can see him now, gorging himself on the you-know-whats he loved so much. Hey, Ron, my love, save some artichokes for me! J.J.S./San Francisco

PATRICK O'CONNOR

I was happy to see that a review of Patrick O'Connor's new book, *Don't Look Back: A Memoir* was featured in CR#58. I've had the pleasure of listening to Mr. O'Connor for the last few years on WBAI radio (99.5 FM, New York City, Sundays, 6:30-7:00 p.m.) as part of Lee Ryan's "Only In New York" radio show, where he read from his work in progress in the form of radio monologs. If Patrick O'Connor's life were a movie, the background music would be selections from Noel Coward, Cole Porter, and George Gershwin. For the sake of CR's readers I hope he includes the experience of when he was asked to pose nude for a Japanese magazine. For the sake of everybody, I hope this book is so successful that a "book on tape" edition, read by Patrick O'Connor himself, is put out so that the rest of the country, like his lucky WBAI listeners, can hear him read his essays in that dry and witty style. S.J.A./New Jersey

Patrick must be holding out on me. I never heard the story of the Japanese magazine offer, but I'm certain I know which magazine it was if it actually happened. No, such a revelation isn't in O'Connor's book. PHC

I came to know CR totally by accident when I stumbled upon it in a Philadelphia book store. I immediately subscribed, and I eagerly await each new issue. It's nice to know that there are others out there who look for the same qualities in men as I do. I consider myself extremely lucky in that I've had a wonderful partner for over ten years now. A man over twenty years my senior with whom I have a marvelous relationship. Besides his gorgeous smile and look, he possesses a sense of caring, understanding and love that I found in no other man. I am a true believer that the older mature man has a lot to offer to those who are willing to accept people for who they are. I wanted to say how much I enjoy the magazine completely. The model photos are great as is the incredible fiction, especially *Swimming to Venezuela* (CRC#2). Like so many other readers, I couldn't put it down either. The new printing is fine, especially in that we are getting more color photos since you have switched. I also welcome the book and music reviews included. The gay lifestyle encompasses many elements and readers should appreciate the insight that the reviews provide for our community. No mainstream magazines will cover topics that interest as much as CR will. I have been thinking a bit regarding Patrick O'Connor's plight to find a new word for Gerontophil. In light of the term chubby-chaser, we gerontophils could easily use the term *senior-seeker* with a little understanding of how it is defined. *Senior* should be defined as "the older of two persons or above another in age." *Senior* then implies no specific age group, only that one person is

older than another. We could also take it a step or two further to indicate the amount of the age difference. We could use *seniorette* for those who prefer older men with a 10-15 year difference and *seniorite* for those who prefer older men with a much larger, let's say 35+ year gap. Senior would be the general term that could cover the entire spectrum. So we could then refer to ourselves as seekers, with clarification such as "Oh yes, I'm a seeker. A *seniorette-seeker*." Senior-seeker kinda rolls off the tongue, doesn't it? I also had a question for Pat and Bruce directly. My partner and I are looking into relocating to the desert southwest after his retirement comes through in the next couple of years. I was curious if you or any other CR readers from the southern California desert area would be willing to answer some questions we have. We want to start looking into housing options, employment opportunities, costs of living, etc. We are planning a vacation in the Palm Springs area in 1994 to start checking things out also. Do you know which cities may have Chambers of Commerce that will provide information for relocating residents? I just made the connection as to where Victorville is in California, so that's why I thought I'd ask. LIL' SCOUT/New Jersey

Try calling information in the 619 area code for the Chambers of Commerce for cities in the Coachella Valley and nearby areas: Palm Springs, Cathedral City, Rancho Mirage, Palm Desert, Indio, Desert Hot Springs and Yucca Valley. Your best bet for warm climate, quality of life, social tolerance, good housing and employment is the Coachella Valley. You should avoid Victor Valley (where we live) and Antelope Valley (toward Bakersfield) because they are financially depressed, homophobic, asexual and boring. PHC

ORLANDO

The Orlando Gathering was the 9th wonder of the world. Seeing all those handsome men at one time was the culmination of 72 years of desire and fulfillment of what to expect in the other world. Every facet was sheer enjoyment. Every piece of that puzzle fit together. I know I was apprehensive, as were others, but wow! What a gathering it was. Las Vegas, here I come!! B.B./Tennessee

LOVE THAT BARNEY!

This is probably just one of many letters in regard to BARNEY on the back cover photo of CR #57, which carried my facetious "Love Song of Roy Elmo." Thank you very much. It was a pleasure to make the same issue with so handsome and engaging a smile as his. I think a better word for it, since we always try for the best expression, is enchanting! I most earnestly hope that he's as happy and satisfied as he appears. Thirty years ago, I would have moved across the continent on the off chance of meeting him. Anyhow, thank you and BARNEY for so much eyeball gratification and a nice fantasy about tenderly disrobing him. ROY ELMO/North Texas

BARNEY is by far our most popular younger model. He's also a friend and equally enchanting in person. PHC

MY LUNCH WITH JACK

Well, this sort of thing I've never done before. My friend insisted I write CR and assures me that I can trust you, so I hope you will not print my name or put my name on some gay list. I live in this tiny town with my youngest daughter who is divorced with two wonderful kids that give me great joy. But until recently, there was little joy in my life. My wife and best friend of 33 years died last year, leaving me pretty much lost. At one point I began to think seriously about suicide. When life got more drab and hopeless and friends stopped coming by, the thoughts of suicide became a sort of escape fantasy. Sure, I was scared to do it because of my Christian upbringing ("You'll go to hell!"), and I guess I feared most that I'd fail and become a vegetable--a burden on my family. But it afforded me relief in spite of my fears, which soon eased a bit when I figured out an effective way to do it and became convinced that there was no hell other than this ridiculous world we live in. Then one day while driving back from visiting my son and family in Des Moines, I stopped in a rest area and was approached by a 64-year-old man by the name of Jack, who was friendly and very funny. I found myself laughing for the first time since my wife's death. Every time I started to move for the car, he would beg me to stay and tell me something funny again. He said he lived nearby and invited me to come by for lunch, but I was afraid my daughter would worry. He insisted I call her and tell her I was stopping to have lunch with an old friend. I did, only to find her not at home. I almost lied to Jack so that I could get away but decided instead to follow him to his house about 12 miles away. When we got there, I guess I unloaded on him and told him my life story. He said that he too was a widower. Over sandwiches, he told me about having the same emptiness and thoughts about suicide. It wasn't long before I found myself liking Jack very much. I didn't want to leave, and then something very strange happened. He'd just told me another joke and after the laughter died down, he just sat there smiling at me with those sad eyes. That registered the same pain I felt. Without a word we both hugged each other and wept. Soon after, he seduced me and released all those feelings I'd kept locked up for so many years. I didn't even feel any guilt about it; instead, I wanted more. Later I called my daughter and told her that the car broke down and I had to stay over (I was still 60 miles from home). That night while we were catching our breaths, Jack showed me your magazine and it knocked my socks off. Apparently he read about your magazine in some porn gay magazine they sell in those adult book store and sent off for a copy. To make a long story short, Jack and your magazine changed my life. Imagine finding that there are thousands of men just like me. Today, the suicide thoughts have been replaced by concerns about getting my health back on track. Of course, I have the added concern about my kids and grandkids finding out, but I sort of think that my daughter is so thankful for the positive change in me that the end overshadows the means. She's seen Jack a lot now, so I

think she knows. But the way I look at it, we don't have to bring it out in the open. My family likes him and he fits in like a glove, so what more need be said? My daughter is now seeing a nice guy and will probably re-marry. When she does, I'm going to ask Jack to move in. I guess it's never too late. Thanks to you and Jack for being there when I hit bottom. Joe Doe in Northern Iowa

MORE ON AGEISM

I found an example of insidious ageism in an unexpected place. *Modern Maturity* Magazine printed an interview with Studs Terkel in which he suggests that, regardless of age, sometimes people have to "stir things up" on behalf of their convictions. Several readers responded to complain about Mr. Terkel's politics, but one went so far as to state, "Terkel's silly talk of stirring things up in his old age is pathetic..." We often admire the energy of the young, but too often we simply equate energy with vitality. Vitality is the way we use the total life force available to us in our existence. Would you choose to entrust your affairs to a lazy youth over a conscientious senior, based solely on the understanding that youth generally has more energy? What is really "pathetic" is to accept and internalize the idea that seniority, of itself, necessitates a diminished lifestyle. If anything, maturity should lead us to the wisdom that ensures our continued vitality. Have a nice life! John South/Atlanta

Just found your magazine several weeks ago. I was fortunate enough to obtain CR#57 and CRC #2 from Lambda Rising in Washington. What a great idea. As a 57-year-old SGWPM, I can affirm life is tough when you pass the age limit for desirability in the gay community. It is interesting to me, however, that older Americans in general are not valued for their wisdom, etc. It appears any power we have is when we band together as an economic bloc. I wonder if anyone has ever looked at gay males over 50 and their purchasing power? After all, these are the years when we are at our peak earning power. Enough! I'll use some of my economic power to purchase my first subscription. H.H./Indiana

OUR CLASSIFIEDS

I have a suggestion to increase your sales. You might offer either a lower advertisement rate to subscribers or a one-time offer to run an ad twice for the price of one (or three for two, etc.). This might increase the personals, thus increase interest, thus increase sales. Because the personals in CR are fewer in number in comparison to other magazines of interest to some of your readers--*Bear, Big Ad, Bulk Male*, etc.--I thought that this reflected the response quotient. Wrong! Got to love you and keep you around. R.G./San Francisco

We've considered doing some things to increase our classifieds, but forwarding mail currently takes us 8-12 hours a week, which is about the maximum amount of time we can spend on it. Since we're bulging with photographs and fiction--two things most readers want more of--any increase in ads would require an additional 8 pages (the minimum increment), which in turn would substantially elevate our postage, freight and printing bills. Inasmuch as we're second in circulation to the largest "homo-masculine alternative" magazine and gaining, we'll not try to fix things right now. PHC

THE POWER OF A SMILE

Your latest issue arrived today and the notice says I should renew. It can't possibly be a year since you came in to my life. Through the year, I've devoured each issue, bought back issues, placed a personal ad, wrote responses to other advertisers and models, bought products you've mentioned, and contacted clubs and organizations you've listed. All of this helped me to "come out," at least by mail. You have expanded my world like virtual reality. I feel like you've serviced me in ways you may not even be aware. (Was it good for you, too?) Now I'm a monster. I boldly eye mature men who attract me, wherever, whenever. I smile slightly and nod my head. Just a friendly gesture in a world too aloof, too cold. Wouldn't it be nice to bring back a warm, friendly greeting to this impersonal world? So be aware, C-Risers, when someone smiles and nods at you here in Detroit (what better place to start acting friendly again?), you may have been secretly admired--at least you've been *noticed*. And maybe the effort is being noticed in even wider circles. How many covers of "Land's End" catalog have you seen? They remind me so much of your covers. I had a strong urge to call and try to order one of those guys for myself, but I know they were only selling a shirt. Loyally, C.B./Detroit

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MUNICH

I was in Munich last week for Oktoberfest--a great show. I thought you might be interested in the fact that several of the new friends I met commented favourably on CR. Apparently it is on sale in the gay bookshop there. Also, an Italian friend had high praise for your classifieds. He wrote to you to find out how he could contact a model in England. In no time at all he received a letter from the model. He was impressed. Here's a few tidbits from my visit: I made a nightly visit to the Club 7 (*Seben*) Bar, always packed, the lusty oldies either groping the few youngies, or chatting up the tasty ones of their own age. My ego was well-satisfied. It was 60%/40% German/American with Florida well-represented. The second night I was there I was invited by a charming English-speaking Munich to service him in one of the stalls in the john. I was most impressed by the size of his accoutrement and was happy to oblige. We must have made ourselves heard. When we emerged, we received a standing ovation from the gents at the urinals. I paid frequent afternoon visits to an unlisted sauna, where the owner, a large, friendly gentleman dressed in a string pouch, was happy to let his customers play wherever and however they liked. Talk about group sex! Fortunately all very safe. I dallied briefly with many of them and enjoyed myself hugely. And I found the crusiest underground toilet at Karlplatz which was busier than the

old Piccadilly underground in London. The urinals were separate from the booths, in one big open room with 30-40 stalls around the walls. I visited it several times and it was always busy. Some men were standing well out from the stall and proudly displaying powerful erections. Others were peering over to admire their neighbour's equipment, and there was occasional sly mutual fondling. If a youngie appeared and dallied, he immediately attracted DOMs who crossed the floor from one stall to another without any hesitation. It was blatant toilet cruising at its best. Congratulations on your continuing success. I'm sorry I couldn't make Orlando, but all my friends who attended said it was a complete success. Shall we see you at Vancouver in October? Palm Springs at New Years? If not, definitely at Las Vegas next June. Best wishes and our love to you both from Ron and me. HAWFINCH/Edmonton

Karlplatz sounds like the old Grand Central Station toilet in New York. If you had to piss, you had to go elsewhere, because all the urinals were occupied by brazen, transfixed voyeurs. We weren't able to attend the Prime Timer bash in Vancouver, nor will we be at the New Year's Eve Prime Timers/Jackrabbit Club/Centaur Magazine bacchanal in Desert Hot Springs. PHC

AN ED ASNER DOUBLE?

It was a thrill reading about you and what you have done with CR. Fortunately I looked through that issue of the *Advocate Classifieds* and found you. I'm a 70-year-old retired school teacher and have been told several times I could double for Ed Asner. Gay sex has never been more appealing to me, but more and more partners lose interest in active sexual activity. There is a big need for guys like me who would rather have sex with, and read and see adult videos featuring 60-year-olds and up. One of my favorite partners is 85. We have lots to share beyond the satisfaction of the bedroom. Please send more information. R.O./Ohio

As of this writing, R.O./Ohio hasn't had a chance to subscribe, but we figured some of you would like to write and encourage an Ed Asner lookalike to join our family. PHC

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

I still remember the surprise I got when I was working that October night (I'm still at the Landmark Restaurant in Provincetown). I've always fantasized about you guys, as I've seen your photos in CR, and then to have you come into the restaurant and get to be your waiter! I couldn't believe it! What a thrill for me. I remember how nervous and excited I was. I was waiting on other tables that night with a hard-on (did you know that?). Pat and Bruce, you are so hot and exciting and your voices were a real turn-on too. Notice how I couldn't resist touching Bruce? I hope you'll return to P-Town and let me know, as I'd really like to see you again. You both rate 10s in my book, and believe me when I say that you'll get even better service the next time I get the chance to wait on you. Vince at the Landmark/Provincetown

Some of you will remember the write-up in CR #46 about the first Prime Timers Convention in Provincetown in October of 1991. We told of having dinner at the Landmark Restaurant on the main drag. What we didn't tell you was the incredible fact that our waiter turned out to be our only subscriber (at the time) in Provincetown. A small world indeed! We didn't publish this revelation at the time because we didn't want to compromise the subscriber's job, but he gave us permission to publish the above this time. The Landmark's food is exquisite, the service, impeccable. If you can't get Vince as your waiter, at least tell him you read about him in CR. PHC

IRELAND

Enclosed are some photos I just happened to snap on my last day in Ireland. I never rubber-necked so much at silver-haired Daddies in all my life, and I was driving on the left hand side of the road! They are everywhere and I didn't hit a single gay pub! I have this theory that Guiness Stout must steal the vitamins from their hair . . . and that's why there are so many silver tops. My sole intention in writing this letter is to suggest you send a photographer over there and get some pics of these fabulous men: curly grey, straight white, steel-grey--all masculine men! Yum! I drove from Shannon to Armagh to Portrush to Dublin to La Hinch and back to Shannon. They were walking along the road, at the pubs, in the shops, in the restaurants--silver foxes everywhere. Thanks so much for the CR subscription. It makes my life so very enjoyable. M.N./Texas

MORE, MORE

Have more big, older black models. W.L./Utah

I've got follow-up files with photos of three hot-looking, big, older black men, but none have sent back the release forms, which were sent out weeks ago. One potential model is a beautiful silver-haired, burly weightlifter! I can only publish photos which have been released. PHC

OKAY, WE LIED

[In #58, we indicated that we'd say nothing more about the issue of publishing photos of younger men, but we just had to publish the following.]

I fit into that category of reader who has found validation in my admiration of older men through CR. I was starting to feel concerned that even though I am in a wonderful and happy relationship with a terrific older man, if we are to live out our natural lives, I am likely to find myself in my late 50s and alone. The thought that I will be of that age and attracted exclusively to men 50+ was a bit scary. Thanks to CR and the formation of Prime Timers, I am relieved to discover that it may be possible for me to find a companion with which I can share my golden years--just as I now look forward to sharing my lover's golden years. I no longer need to perform the mental masturbation of wondering what my life will be like at the age of those I so enjoy the company of. I think that you have done a great job with our magazine. Some of the criticisms in the FORUM section seem way off base. Don't these people see

that CR is unique in that it truly is of the readership for the readership and not a bunch of paid models and editors looking for the best way to make a fast buck? Instead, it is a magazine which satisfies a segment of the population that has long been ignored. I enjoy the photos of the tall older men who are in good shape, but it would be awfully self-centered of me to think it is your duty to print only pictures of this type of man. Since finding CR, I have been pleased to show it to appreciative friends and am proud to say that I'm responsible for a small increase in the readership and contributing models, both young and older. I will continue to share it with all that are interested and hope that you keep up the great work. K.D./British Columbia

With all this talk about whether young men should appear in your magazine, I believe you have the right attitude. There is room for everybody. Any magazine which discovered the beautiful JOHN BEAR is doing something right. Keep up the good work and put the complaints in proper perspective. By the way, why haven't we seen more of JOHN BEAR? Thanks for all your hard work and congratulations on your great success in Florida. Steve/Colorado

Just finished reading #58. Once again you've outdone yourself. I want to express my opinion on the subject that keeps coming up in the FORUM: the photos of younger men and those who would have you eliminate them. Let's remember that those of us associated with the magazine, whether they are subscribers, writers or models, feel like part of a big family. That family consists of a very diverse group of men, both young and old. Being a man of 35 who enjoys the company of a more mature man, I enjoy the Silver Foxes you feature. My lifemate is a 64-year-old Silver Fox. But had it not been for CR, we never would have met and fallen in love. For the longest time, I thought I was different and all alone in my quest for a relationship with an older man. But CR changed my thinking on that subject two years ago when I purchased my first issue. So when I see the photos of younger men looking for mature companionship, I don't look away in disgust. I see men in the same boat I was in, and then I don't feel so alone in my thinking. In the same vein, not all older men wish to build a relationship with someone their own age. My mate wanted someone younger to draw emotional energy from--someone to help him feel younger and maybe forget some of the aches and pains that come on in later life. Besides, the younger men's photos are his favorite part of CR. The magazine is a tremendous vehicle for bringing mature men together with their admirers. Don't change a thing. As someone who is much wiser than I once said, "If it works, don't fix it." And believe me it works! BABY BEAR/House of a Thousand Flowers

JURASSIC PARTS

[The Advocate Classifieds *Magazine published an article about us in their issue #25. The controversial article was titled "JURASSIC PARTS" and resulted in over 1,000 letters (outcome: 400 new subscribers as of last count) from AC readers who had no idea we existed. Most were so excited about finding us that the cruel title of the article never sank in. But several of our subscribers were not amused and wrote letters of outrage to the editors. Since we don't have space to publish all of these letters, we have decided to publish excerpts of my letter, which rightfully thanks the publisher while condemning the editors.]*

Mr. Sam Watters, President
Liberation Publications, Inc.
6922 Hollywood Blvd., Tenth Floor
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Dear Sam,

Our barter agreement is almost fulfilled, so I felt it was time to thank you for your courtesy and respect. It was a pleasure to hear the top man at LPI actually acknowledge my rape at the hands of PDC and even offer a compromise recompense. I was pleasantly surprised to read Chicklet's article, which damned near portrayed us correctly and resulted in a lot of mail. *[1,185 letters, 405 new subscribers, 323 back issue orders as of this writing. PHC]*

It was obvious that some of your editorial staff weren't pleased with your directive, however. I'm disappointed that the [promised] "mention" of *Swimming to Venezuela* was a bit paltry and was obviously added at the last minute by some editor who had no idea if it was a novel or an epic poem. I asked for a review; you countered with a "mention"; I translated: "mini review, maybe a paragraph, not what I want, but what the hell." But the biggest disappointment was someone's caption choice of "JURRASIC PARTS."

I wish you could read some of the letters we received from men in the rural areas. They are so thankful we exist that most completely missed the blatant meanspiritedness of the caption. Perhaps they are so used to being called fossils that the title seemed appropriate. I'd hoped that [those editors who inject] such captions would respect your authority and give us a break, but gerontophobia runs deep. Judging from the comments I've received from many of your readers (now ours), the caption cut with a serrated edge and infuriated quite a few older men who despair over the derision my interview [by Chicklet] exposes. The irony leaves one breathless.

But you're still the good guy in my mind, and I'll live up to my end of the bargain. As a matter of fact, I'll do more than that and begin to wisely advertise occasionally in *Advocate Classified* and *Advocate Men* until I have rescued as many *trolls* as possible. In the meantime, relay my sincere contempt to Messrs. Yarbrough, Kroll, Elkins and all the rest who either created the caption or allowed it to appear. It will be some time before the dust settles on this one.

Sincerely,
Patrick H. Colley, Publisher.

ANNOUNCEMENTS, NEWS ITEMS, AND OTHER REVELATIONS

MAIN ATTRACTION FOR THE LAS VEGAS GATHERING SIGNED

After charming the pants off everyone with JOHN McNEILL, WOODY BALDWIN and CHUCK SCHWARTZ at the CR GATHERING IN ORLANDO, what do you do for an encore? For the CR SPRING GATHERING IN LAS VEGAS, we set out to line up someone equally electrifying yet different. We wanted a one-man show, complete with comedy and music, but wondered if we'd have any luck finding the right guy. Then we attended the SAGE (of California) Annual Carnival near Escondido. There on the stage at a Technics console sat one of the most handsome, talented keyboard artists we've ever heard. Bruce and I looked at each other and said in unison: "Wait a minute. Isn't he . . .?" Of course, it *was* Bill Worrall, and yes, we were able to land him for the gathering.

Bill Worrall, known as the "Entertainer to the Stars" lives in Palm Springs. He entertains the biggest names in show business in the most exclusive country clubs and private parties. Listed in *Who's Who in Music* and *Who's Who in America*, Bill started his career with a radio show in Canada called "Piano Ramblings", then he came to Hollywood and NBC, where he was in charge of audience warm-up for some of the biggest network shows in history. Bill will star in our gala dinner show on Monday, June 6, 1994. He will present a program on the Technics keyboards that will bring back fond memories of the beautiful songs written through the years. He'll also have you rolling on the floor with his unique brand of humor that doesn't rely on four-letter words. And for you guys who'll no doubt fall in love with this handsome, sexy, extraordinarily talented man, calm your hearts with the knowledge that he'll be joining the festivities for the entire convention.

In addition to being a fine entertainer, Bill is also a travel agent/cruisespecialist. He's currently working on a special segment of the QE2's "Around The World Cruise," scheduled for sailing from Ensenada, Mexico on January 17, 1994. It will consist of a five-day cruise and will include stops in Maui and Oahu. Airfare back to California is also included. It's all part of an all-inclusive gay vacation package within a gay-friendly atmosphere, and prices start at only $1,050. There is still space available, so if you'd like to get a piece of this action, quickly contact Bill at Rancho Mirage Travel, (800) 369-1073. See his ad on page 30.

THE INVISIBLE ELDERLY

News Item: A study of 1,446 fictional television characters turned up only 35 who were at least 65 years old. That equates to 2 percent representing 12.5 percent of the U.S. population. The study was conducted by James Robinson and Thomas Skill, professors of communication at the University of Dayton.

AND THE NOT SO INVISIBLE

A car bumper sticker: "THINGS GET BETTER WITH AGE . . . I'M APPROACHING MAGNIFICENT!"

CHELSEA WILLIAMS IS BACK!

The good news is that world-class photographer Chelsea Williams is back with us again. The bad news is that he lost his beloved Felix, who passed away recently of complications due to AIDS. As subscriber, model and writer Jay Behr once said over the loss of his lifemate, "The plague's wheel breaks us." We welcome Chelsea back with open arms and offer him warmth and love as he struggles to survive such a profound loss.

CLARIFICATIONS FOR THE CR SPRING GATHERING

Several readers are confused about the difference between the terms *reservation* and *registration*. In addition, there is some confusion about the procedure for making your reservations. We hope the following will clear everything up:

1. Making RESERVATIONS for hotel room(s) is the responsibility of attendees. You must call (800) 634-3424 and state that you are part of the Chiron Rising group. Within ten (10) days, you must send a one-night's room deposit by means of a check or money order. Effective 10/19/93, however, the hotel was persuaded to accept valid major credit card postings for deposits as well. Now you have a choice. Just make sure you get a reservation confirmation number.

2. To REGISTER for the convention (functions and entertainment provided by CR), you must remit $105.00 per person to Chiron Rising Magazine, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393, and your letter must be postmarked no later than January 2, 1994. Thereafter, you will have to pay $120.00 per person.

AND SPEAKING OF THE SPRING GATHERING

The Las Vegas Tourist Bureau is available for any additional services attendees may require. They offer the lowest rental car prices in town and are a full-fledged travel agency which can arrange your air ticketing into Las Vegas from anywhere in the U.S.. They also have a full range of optional tours, such as flights to the Grand Canyon and Lake Mead cruises. Due to their volume, they can pass a substantial savings on to you. Call the Las Vegas Tourist Bureau at (800) 777-VEGAS, and tell them you are part of the *Chiron Rising* convention at the Aladdin Hotel.

HOLLYWOOD GETS THINGS STRAIGHT

Did you know that Hollywood is always going after movie rights to books with homosexual relationships? Unfortunately, the homosexuality is usually always cut out of the movie. Examples: THE COLOR PURPLE, FRIED GREEN TOMATOES, SERENADE, SOME KIND OF HERO and THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE. Author Anne Rice has been troubled by rumors (denied by Warner Brothers) that the producers of the forthcoming film based on her INTERVIEW

WITH THE VAMPIRE will chicken out on the protagonist's bisexuality.

MTV PUTS RAZOR-TONGUED TV ON TV

MTV's drag diva, RuPaul caused an uproar at the MTV Video Music Awards. Paired with Milton Berle, who read from the TelePrompTer that he had once worn a dress himself, the Amazonian transvestite departed from the script and sneered, "You used to wear gowns? That's funny. Now you're wearin' diapers!" Sadly, RuPaul's career is expected to reach dazzling heights.

THE SECOND NATIONAL GAY AND LESBIAN SENIOR CONFERENCE

Although a couple of prominent senior gay leaders who have received complimentary subscriptions to CR for years participated in the 2nd National Gay and Lesbian Senior Conference on October 4, 1993, at USC in Los Angeles, there was no mention of CR, Prime Timers or *Golden Threads* (a publication for senior lesbians). In spite of the fact that abject loneliness, low self-esteem and grief due to the loss of a mate were acknowledged as being serious problems among older sexually diverse people, this "prestigious" group of gay and lesbian activists and gerontologists chose to ignore the powerful tools already in place and wring their hands over the lack of gay and lesbian retirement centers. Yes, the pink triangles were out in force, and there was much posturing by the academic types, but nothing much got accomplished . . . as usual.

REGIONAL CR GATHERING ANNOUNCED FOR BAY AREA RESIDENTS

Model CARL LAWRENCE is organizing a regional gathering for C-Risers on February 26, 1994, at the Metropolitan Community Church in the Castro area of San Francisco. The event will be a potluck dinner and Carl will provide coordination, all paper supplies and coffee. Those with last names beginning with A through H will be responsible for bringing salads, appetizers and bread. I through P will bring entrees and vegetable dishes, while Q through Z will be assigned desserts and beverages. If you don't live in the Bay Area but will be traveling through about that time, you can still join in. You can always pick up something at one of the local stores. Anyone interested in participating should contact Carl Lawrence at 2823 Esmond Avenue, Richmond, CA 94804-1313 for more details. Lots of CR models, writers, photographers, artists and staff will be there, so contact Carl before attendance is frozen. The church can only hold so many.

THE RESULTS OF OUR SURVEY ARE IN!

Thanks to the help of writer FLORES and Bruce's grandson, JASON, we were finally able to compile the responses to our survey request published in CR #56. The following results are based on 123 written responses and 78 telephone interviews with non-subscribers who called for other reasons. Additional data used to estimate CR and CRC worldwide readership (question 9) were compiled from mail order sales records; book store sales figures; approximate memberships of CR "reader clubs" and various senior clubs which get complimentary copies; the number of domestic and foreign libraries which feature CR and their estimated CR readership; and notes from seven years of reading correspondence from and talking to men who openly admit to reading another's copies. Six percent of the responders were 18-29; 13% were in their 30s; 11% were in their 40s; 12% were in their 50s; 38% were in their 60s; 12% were in their 70s; and the balance--8% were in their 80s and 90s. The results:

1a) RACE - white: 87%; black: 5%; Oriental: 4%; Hispanic: 4%
1b) HEIGHT - under 5'6": 8%; 5'6"-6'0": 64%; over 6'1":28%
1c) WEIGHT - under 175: 30%; 175-200: 26%; over 200:44%
1d) HEALTH - excellent: 46%; average: 45%; fair/poor: 9%
1e) OCCUPATION - retired: 53%; professional: 13%; blue collar:11%; white collar: 18%; disabled: 5%
2) SEXUAL IDENTY - very Important: 51%; moderately important: 39%; not important: 10%
3) ORIENTATION - gay: 79%; bisexual: 11%; other: 10%
4) OUT TO - the world: 15%; family/closest friends: 23%; closest criends: 20%; only those like me:40%; no one: 2%
5) DO YOU BELIEVE THERE EXISTS A GAY CULTURE? Yes: 71%; no:29%
6) VETERAN - wartime/combat: 47%; peacetime:12%; no service: 41%
7) POLITICS - Democrat: 43%; Republican: 21%; Ind.: 36%
8) (REVISED) CR/CRC BOUGHT - through subscription: 22%; through bookstores: 35%; through single copy mail order: 43%
9) BUYER'S COPY READ BY - under 5 people: 38%; 5-10 people: 37%; over 10 people: 25%. (Total conservative estimated readership: 106,000; total possible readership: 175,000.)
10) HAPPINESS - very: 48%; moderately: 48%; rarely/never: 4%
11) TURNED ON BY: [too unweildy to analyze)
12) DO YOU FEEL PART OF THE GAY MAINSTREAM? Yes: 27%; no; 73%

In light of the recent surge in readership so graciously provided by The *Advocate*'s magazines for men, I think it's safe to say that our readership is closer to the "possible readership" in 9) above. This all means that approximately 140,000 readers consider themselves gay, but a wide majority are not openly gay. In essence, we aren't even a "gay magazine," because our readership also includes 20,000 bisexuals and over 17,000 who don't consider themselves either gay *or* bisexual. And in light of the fact that almost 130,000 readers don't consider themselves a part of the gay mainstream, it is obvious that we've struck a nerve.

If you are as awed by this survey as we, share it with your local newspapers, both gay/lesbian and otherwise. If you'd rather that we do it, send us the names and addresses of your local and regional print media (gay/lesbian, alternative, mainstream, whatever) and help us get the word out.

MEDICINE

ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE

There is good news for those who appear to have Alzheimer's but don't. A skin test has been developed by the National Institutes of Health for this mind-destroying disorder that previously couldn't be positively diagnosed until after death. The test, based on the discovery that the brain cells in Alzheimer's disease patients develop a flaw that closes up a microscopic pore through which flows a form of potassium, will save hundreds of millions of dollars in diagnostic evaluations. Dr. Daniel L. Alkon, a researcher at the National Institute of Neurological Disorders and Stroke, speculated that if the closing of the pore happens in brain cells, then why not other cells in the body? With that in mind, the NIH team tested cells taken from nasal and skin tissue, and in both cases, the test showed that the potassium channels were collapsed. The team next treated cells with chemicals that cause microscopic sparks in healthy cells. Where the potassium channels were closed, in the Alzheimer's cells, there were no sparks. Since there are many forms of dementia that are treatable, the new test could rule out Alzheimer's, paving the way for the other treatments.

The bad news for Alzheimer's patients is that there is no cure in sight. The bad news for society is that cases of the dreaded disease are increasing.

MORE ON CPR

Johns Hopkins researchers say that a mechanical resuscitation vest invented at the school is more effective and could save more heart attack victims than current manual techniques. The vest is a cloth-covered rubber bladder that wraps around the patient's chest. An air pump attached to the vest inflates and deflates it once each second, exerting pressure around the torso. According to Dr. Henry Halperin of Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, the pressure forces blood to the heart and brain more effectively than CPR using the hands, which exerts force in just one area. There is no word yet on the availability of the device.

GOOD NEWS FOR NASAL ALLERGY SUFFERERS

A new prescription medication called Claritin (*loratadine*) has recently been released for sale by the FDA. Manufactured by Schering in Kenilworth, New Jersey, the drug is touted as providing fast, long-lasting relief of runny nose and itchy, watery eyes. The medication will not make you drowsy and there is a low occurrence of side effects. See your doctor if you'd like to try Claritin.

ENLARGED PROSTATE

We've said a lot about the different treatments for an enlarged prostate and only touched on alternative drug therapy, but now there is a prescription drug on the market that could effectively treat the condition known as symptomatic benign prostate enlargement, or BPH. The drug is called Proscar (*finasteride*) and is the first oral prescription medicine that can actually shrink an enlarged prostate. Manufactured by Merck in West Point, Pennsylvania, Proscar works by blocking the production of the key hormone that causes the prostate to grow, thereby helping to shrink the gland to a smaller size in many men. The manufacturer warns that this medication doesn't work for everyone, and even though the prostate shrinks, one may not see a dramatic improvement in urinary flow right away. In some cases, it will take up to 6 months or more to see an improvement.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS

An experimental treatment for rheumatoid arthritis has been developed using oral doses of collagen extracted from chicken cartilage. It can reduce and sometimes eliminate swelling and joint pain with no side effects. RA is an autoimmune disease in which the immune system attacks the body's own collagen-rich cartilage. Doctors think that the collagen treatments desensitize immune cells and stop the attacks.

DEPRESSION

A provocative book about a controversial medication has become a must-read best-seller. It's entitled *Listening to Prozac: A Psychiatrist Explores Antidepressant Drugs and the Remaking of the Self* by Dr. Peter Kramer of Brown University. The author, who uses Prozac in his private practice, is both impressed by it and uneasy about what its wide-spread use may lead to. Prozac does much more than just treat disease, he says. It has the power to transform personality, instill self-confidence and enhance a person's performance at work and play. Prozac is the hottest psychiatric drug in history. Since its introduction five years ago, 5 million Americans (10 million world-wide) have used it. The drug is more than a fad; it's a medical breakthrough that has brought unprecedented relief to many patients with severe depressions, phobias, obsessions and compulsions. But it is also being used by people with milder problems, which causes some misgivings among the medical establishment. Some fear that Prozac will become the medically approved, side-effect-free, substitute for cocaine. Close to home, one of our favorite subscribers (who recently lost his life partner) was seeing a doctor who prescribed Halcyon along with a powerful antidepressant. At our urging, he changed to a doctor who prescribed Prozac. Our friend now swears that his suicidal thoughts have disappeared and that he's not so manic any more. But best of all, he says that his powerful feelings of grief are much more manageable. We think this medication deserves a closer look and wonder which of our wonderful writers would like to take the subject on in a well-researched article.

PROSTATE CANCER

According to *Time* Magazine, men have one more reason to eat less fat. American men who eat red meat as a main dish five or more times a week are 2.6 times more likely to suffer advanced prostate cancer than men who eat it once a week or less.

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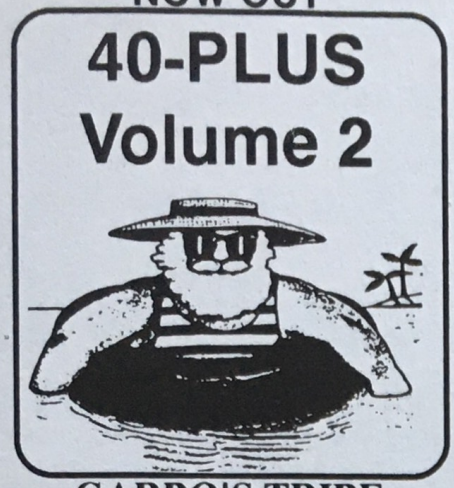

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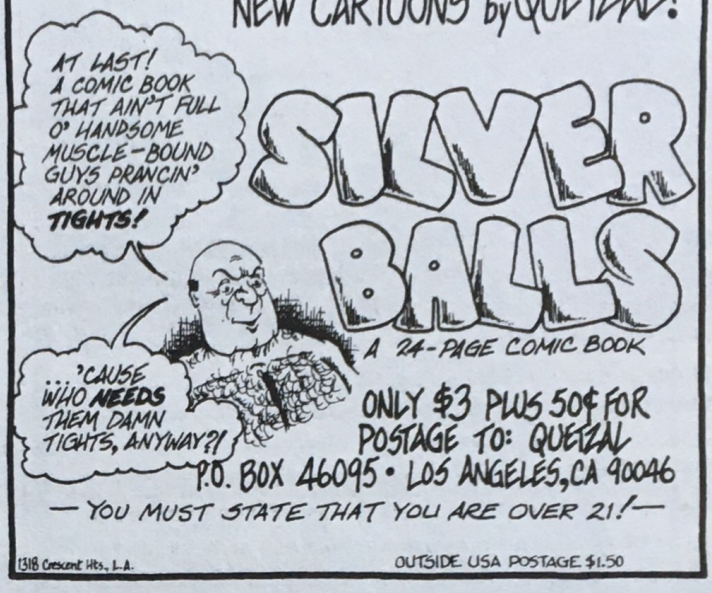
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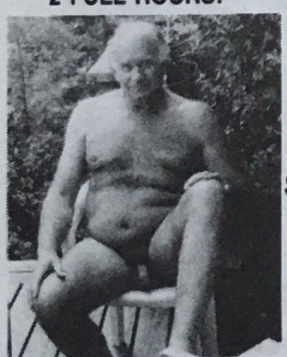

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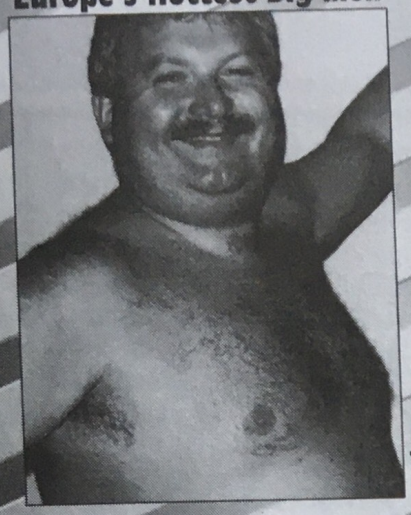

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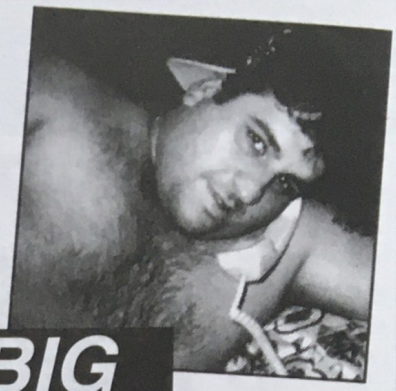

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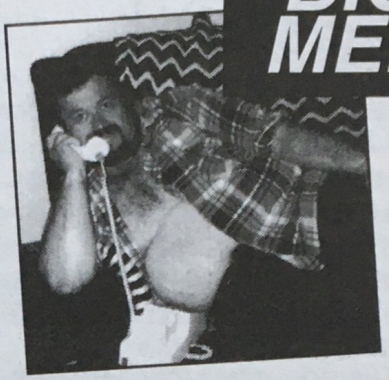

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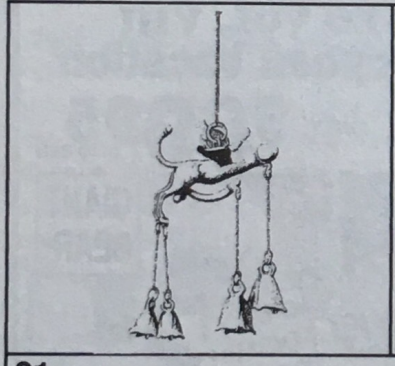

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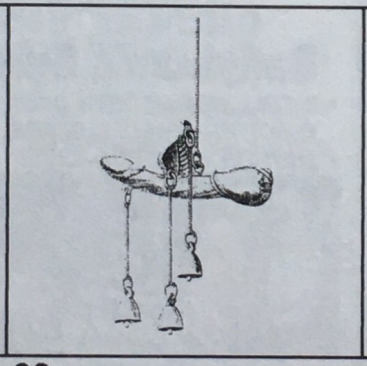

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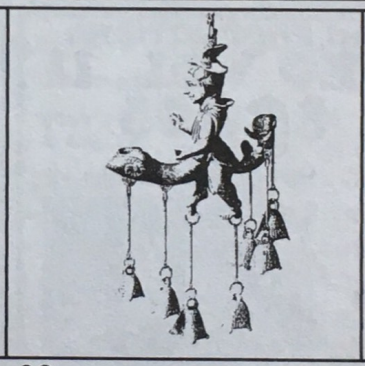

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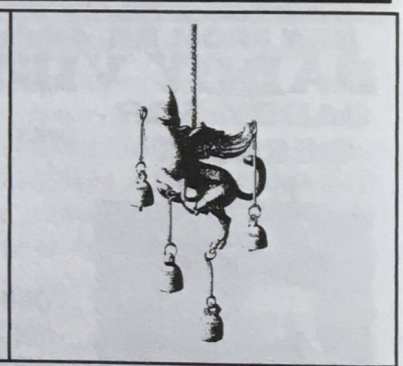

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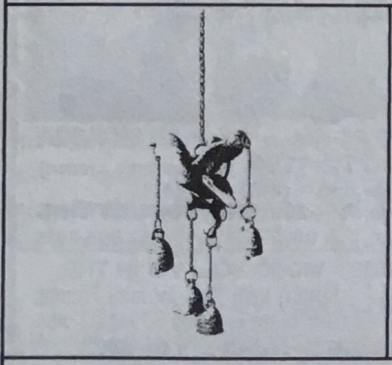

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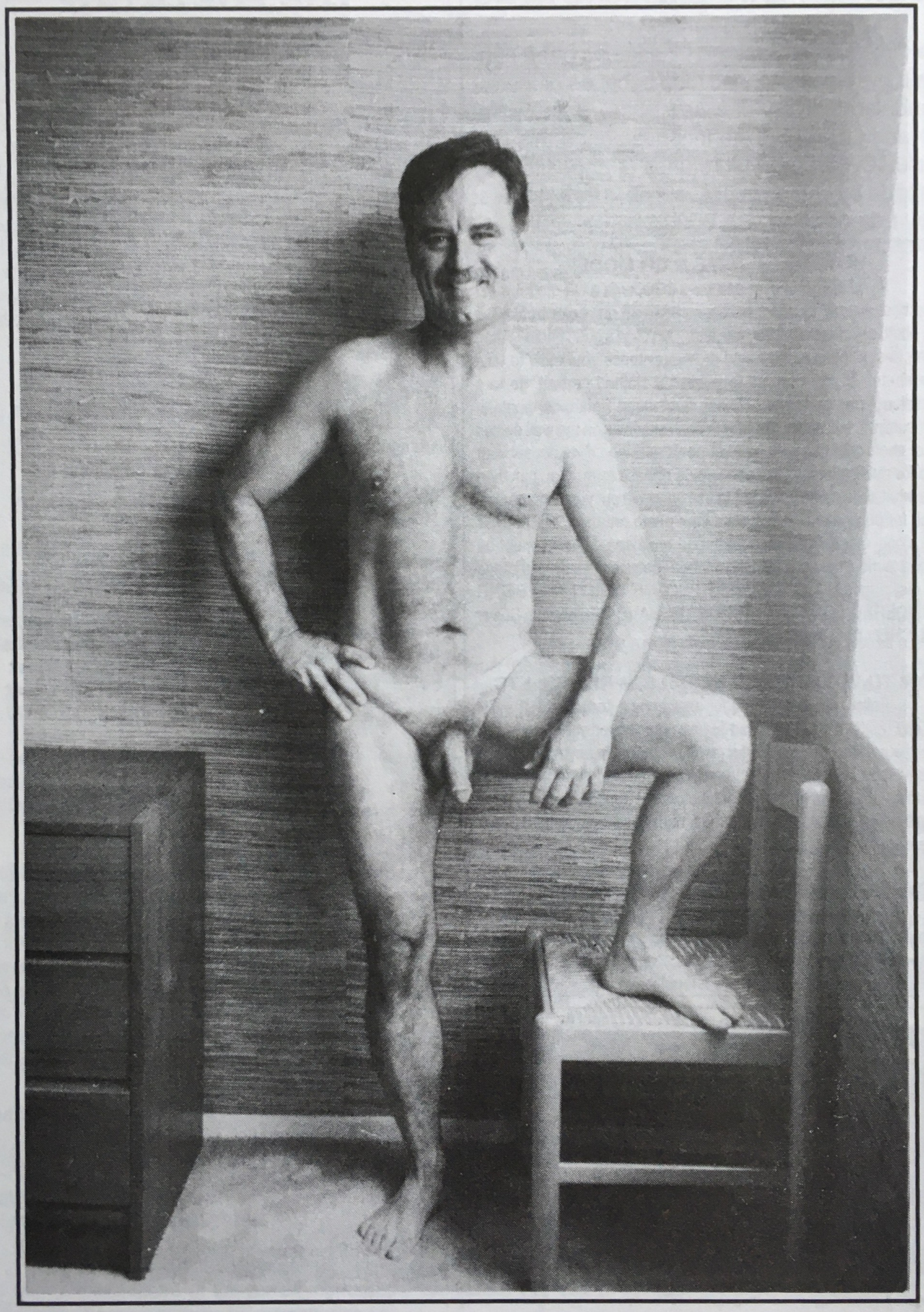

IMPORTANT LATE-BREAKING NEWS

The October '94 Bahama Cruise has been cancelled by Majesty Cruise Line because of the rescheduled delivery of a new ship. Both Travel Lab and CR regret the inconvenience this has caused C-Risers. Full refunds of deposits may be made by writing to Travel Lab, 1943 Hillhurst Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots in bright sunlight, sex shots, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION OR HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PUBLISHED IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

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Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil the name of the contributor in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

If you have never been published in CR before and would like to submit material, please write for guidelines and/or provide an outline or synopsis of the work you wish for us to consider. Please do not send unsolicited material unless you are a regular.

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THE POETRY OF BILL JAROSIN

Old Goats

It's not easy loving one -- that animal stench in the weight of rut; the buggy tags of flesh bristled down a paunch.

But think of the night you met -- like satyrs in heat: skin sweetened by neon; eyes dividing the few. He held your glance; you turned away till lust took charge: the quick feel, a prod, then a whiff of the ruminant joy.

So he wasn't like the youngsters; knew the rounds -- licked your toes and won you; seized your locks and topped you like the buck you vainly sought too long among kids. And didn't you love him; hard-curled to a shaggy strength?

In a year, he ground your little horns to nubs; in five, only buttons remained; and now at ten you polish silver hollows honed to a sheen.

Stand to the mirror. Study what the flesh acquires; how time drapes spotty over care. Imagine innocence, somewhere within, wrestled down to the bone. And note a wild mange rising; crested in white down a skin worn well. It's just like your man, but it's you: itching and folded and runny to butt some bleating kid soon.

Ache

Joy is an ache too: Swimming with
your sweetie, pulled under by love.
Or driving fast to get home quick,
a near miss on the curve.

So watch
the fugitive things: Watermelon gone
bad, and frozen waters too thin for
skating. Or pins stuck in new shirts.
Tight shoes. Heavy perfume. Garnished
wages.

Life itself is bittersweet --
don't you know it? Mother said: peel
fruit first and spit out the seeds.
Wear your galoshes.

And yes, the living
end aches: Swimming for love and hope
to drown. Keep warm; sleep with a friend.
Honey I'm tired of love, but hold me.

BILL JAROSIN is the author of *All You Can Eat*, and is past co-poetry editor for *Crazyquilt Quarterly*.

THE CULINARY DELIGHTS OF KOOKABURRA

FESTIVE FARE

With "chestnuts roasting on an open fire and Jack Frost nipping at your nose" resounding in the musical air around us, we here in Southern Florida seek easier, lighter and unique holiday traditions. Sure, we've always had a roast turkey with all the trimmings this time of the year when we were living up north. But today, with smaller apartments, less ambition to cook in a small, hot kitchen, the perennial search for lighter and healthier food, and fewer people in the immediate family to feed, we plan new ways to use the old stand-bys.

Here's a low-fat, quick-cooking, elegant way for using the poultry white meat:

Turkey L'Orange

(serves 6 . . . or 2 and freeze the remainder)

12 - thin slices of cooked turkey white meat
1 - 6 oz can thawed orange juice concentrate
1/2 - cup water
1 - tablespoon lemon juice
2 - tablespoons brown sugar
1/2 - teaspoon ground ginger
1/4 - teaspoon marjoram
1/4 - teaspoon poultry seasoning
1/2 - teaspoon salt
1 - teaspoon cornstarch
1 - tablespoon cold water
1 - tablespoon margarine

In a large skillet, combine orange juice, water and lemon juice. Stir in the sugar, ginger, marjoram, poultry seasoning and salt. Cover the skillet and cook over low heat for about 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove cover, bring to a boil. Stir in cornstarch/water paste. Cook and stir for 3 minutes till sauce starts to thicken. Add the margarine and turkey slices. Cook till heated through. Allow 2 slices per serving. Cover each serving with sauce and piquant orange cartwheels (recipe follows).

Piquant Orange Cartwheels

3 - medium navel oranges
1 - tablespoon sugar
1 - tablespoon white vinegar
2 - teaspoon instant minced onions

Pare oranges and cut crosswise into thin slices. Toss gently with mixture of the remaining ingredients. Store covered in refrigerator till ready to use.

If you're one of the ambitious few who do roast turkey, there are always the leftovers to contend with. What better time for an innovative way to use the leftover bits and pieces.

Sauced Turkey in Buns

(4 to 6 servings)

2 - cups diced, cooked turkey
2/3 - cup ketchup
3/4 - cup red currant jelly
1/4 - cup finely chopped onions
2 - tablespoons prepared mustard

Combine all the ingredients except the turkey in a saucepan. Cook over low heat for about 20 minutes. Stir in the turkey. Heat thoroughly and spoon onto toasted, buttered hamburger buns or English muffins.

Microwave method: Hold the turkey aside, combine the remaining ingredients in a 4-cup measuring cup. Using a 650 to 700-watt microwave oven, cook uncovered on high for 6 minutes, stirring once midway through the cooking. Fold in the turkey and heat through uncovered on high for 2 minutes. Spoon out and serve on toasted buttered buns.

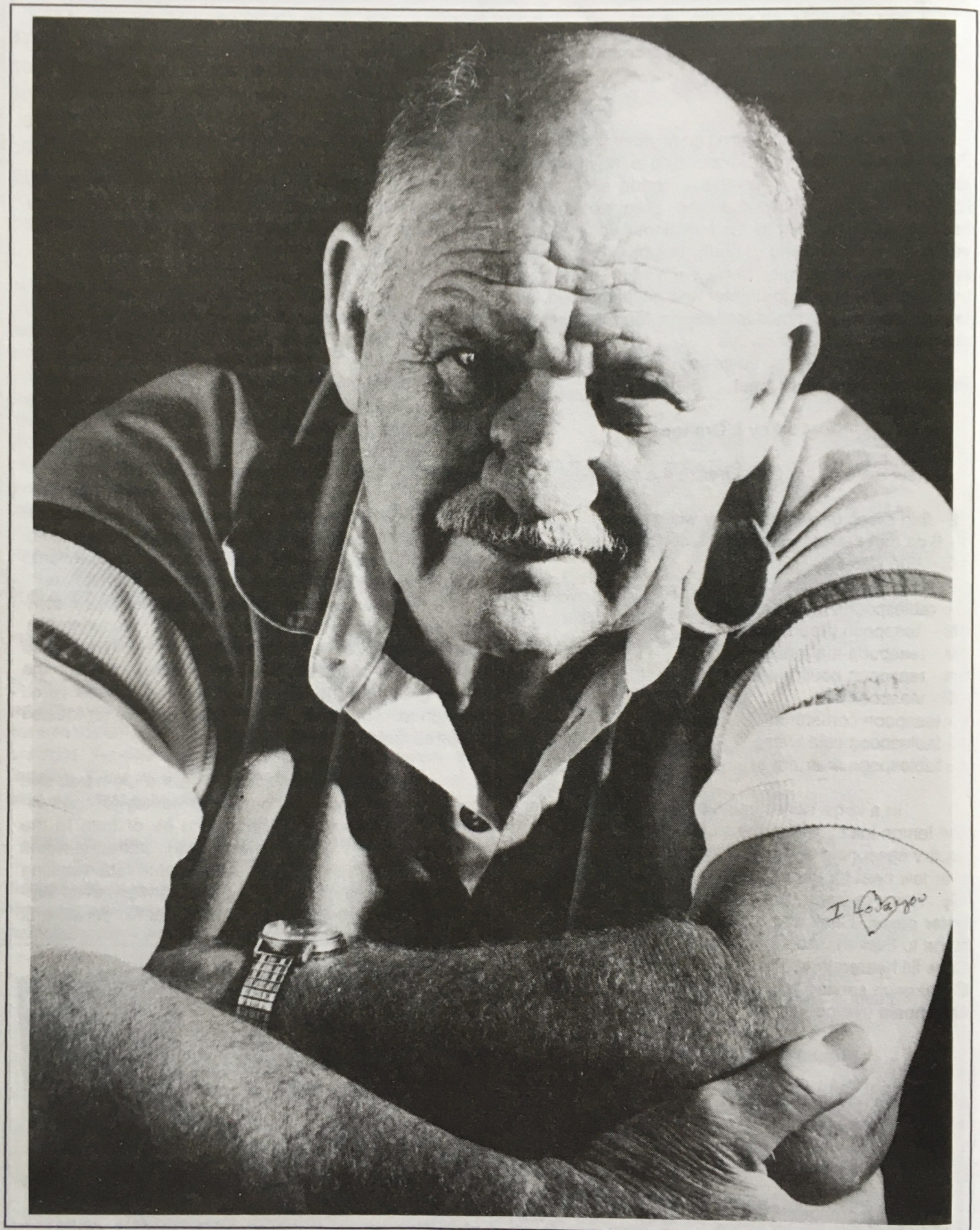
Of course, there are always the die-hards and conservatives who insist on a roast turkey for the holidays. The following guide should be of help to the traditionalists. The list is for thawed, stuffed-at-home turkey that is roasted. The approximate total roasting times for ready-to-cook weights, at a constant oven temperature of 325 degrees and an internal temperature of 180-185 degrees are:

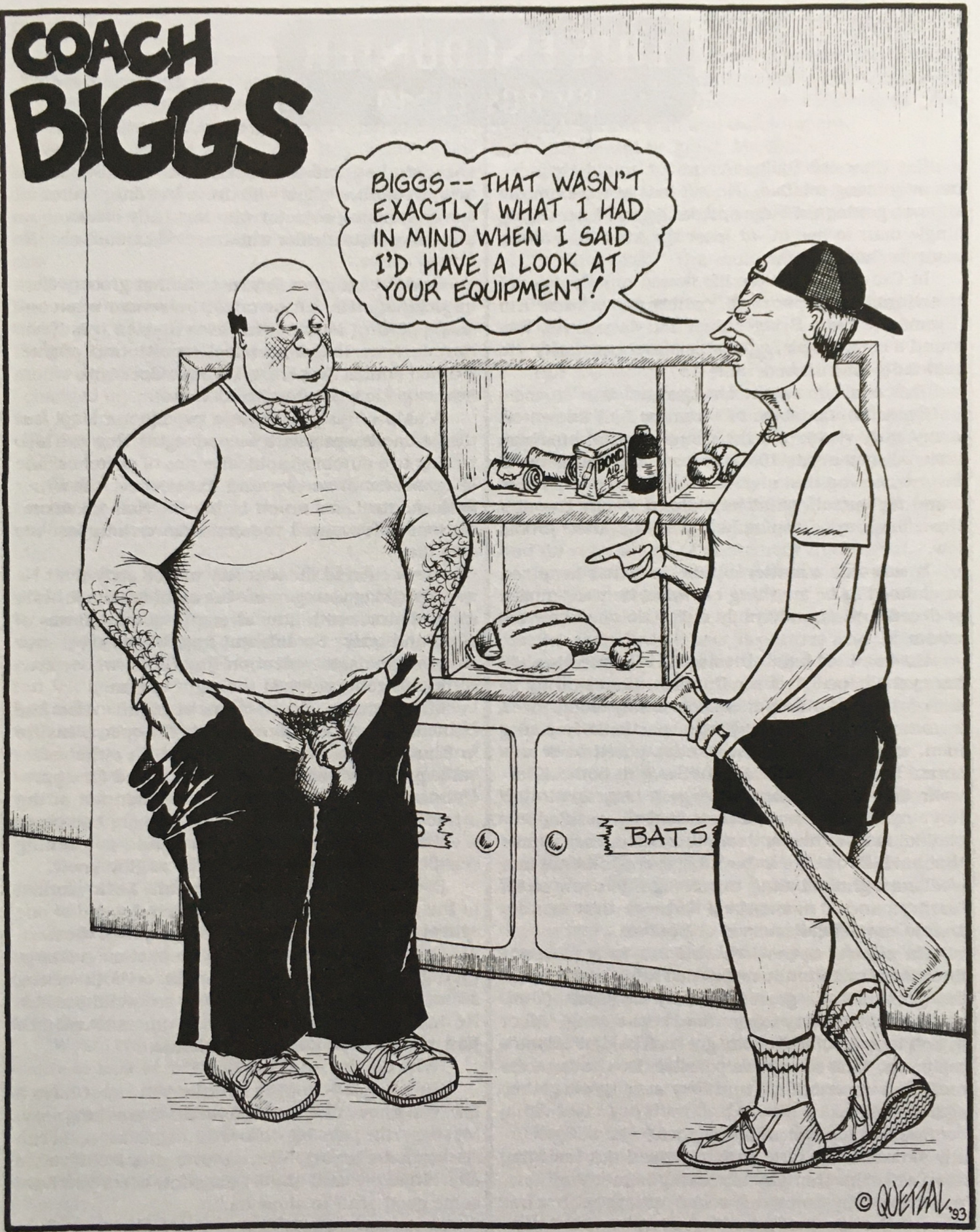
6 to 8 lbs.	3 to 3-1/2 hours
8 to 12 lbs.	3-1/2 to 4-1/2 hours
12 to 16 lbs	4-1/2 to 5-1/2 hours
16 to 20 lbs	5-1/2 to 6-1/2 hours

Happy Holidays!

KOOKABURRA has published 4 cook books and is an internationally renowned gourmet microwave chef. He's 5'-10", 250#, single, and loves to receive mail, especially from tall, relationship-oriented huskies, 40-70.

IRONWORKER **photo by a friend**

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LATE ENCOUNTER

BY ROY ELMO

Roy Elmo left Dallas to care for an elderly aunt, his only living relative. He left just at the time the city was getting too large and dangerous for an aging single man to live in--at least the kind of careless camp he had become.

In Cramerton, where life flowed quietly around the courthouse square, where his Aunt Em (Emmaline Elmo Bridgestone) had deep roots, Roy found a comfortable, agreeable closet existence. He gratefully succumbed.

This is not to say he changed much.

Em's friends, some of whom he had known on many early visits, and the people she did business with, all came into his purview. He won general favor by seeing that she was cared for as she never cared for herself. And he stepped warily through those first days, keeping his voice and public profile low.

It was only a matter of time--not that he aimed or claimed to be anything but what he was--a man of decent intent and family duty. No one knew his wild side.

However, old habits die hard. He learned to slide his eyeballs over trouser fronts without staring at pecker tracks--unless it was obviously emphasized for admiration. So many men, particularly young men, were proud of what was supposed to be unseen. They had numerous tricks with both underwear and positioning to suggest large genitalia. Roy's reaction was quick: a startled glance of appreciation, one old buddy to another; then a brief smile that said, "Wow! We know a big secret"; then a nod of dismissal, indicating this recognition can go no further; and a momentary sadness that secrets should never be discussed or broken.

On several occasions, this led to a pleasant flirtation or a carefully negotiated affair of the flesh. One of them was a grocery clerk by the name of Jim, who, faced with Roy's expertise, kept saying, "All of it! You took all of it! Nobody got it all before!" Elmo's reply was, "You see what's possible. Do the same for me." But Jim couldn't, and they never got together again.

Roy's long physical involvement with sex gradually slowed down. He never stepped out his front door with the thought of finding something new. Years went by, some slow and others with what seemed the speed of light.

Em died, and Roy had the house to himself.

A few old tricks swam into and out of his life: a surly stud so well-developed he could always find action; another fellow who drove him into Dallas for eye treatments; a doctor who was truly bisexual; an art and antique dealer who traveled extensively. No others active.

Some years later, Roy met another grocery clerk he desired. He felt at once the remembrance of *temps perdu*. Many differences divided this Kevin Barcus from the almost lost recollection of fine-grained James Demers, a young officer with whom he'd served right after World War II.

A skip of forty years is a prodigious leap, but their samenesses gave a second sight. Roy was also writing two autobiographical series of sketches: one of homosexual scenes and experience, the other quite neutral, for much in his life had no sexual content. He wanted to mirror more than just his own life.

Kevin entered the year Roy turned sixty-five. He was a striking young man--beautiful to behold--tall, sandy-haired, with lithe strength, quick reflexes of mind and body. So different from Demers, yet with so much the same effect on Roy Elmo, whose eyes could not conceal joy in the sight of him.

Like Demers, Barcus was straight. Also like Demers, Barcus could not ignore the open pleasure in Elmo's gaze. Nothing was said on either side, smile given for pleasure, smile returned for appreciation--and for no uncomfortable mention of the attraction. Kevin was older than Demers had been, a college graduate with a degree and a teaching certificate. No broken toes so far as Roy knew.

Everything else was so different. Kevin worked in the grocery to mark time between the end of one school year and the hope of finding a job in the next.

On one early summer day, there came a sharp-eyed fellow who, like many folk of both sexes, seemed to follow Kevin in his work around the aisles. He finally got him far enough from others to ask if he had any good photographs at home.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Hey, a good-looking kid like you must have a few, you know, nice nude pictures. Something sexy. My magazine pays big dollars for big dicks, and I can see you got a beauty. We can cover your face if you're shy. Take my card and let me know when you have some good stuff to show us."

Kevin was nonplussed.

"Big, big money, kid. Think about it."

A few minutes later, Roy Elmo was standing in

line to get checked out and gave a mock salute to Kevin, who smiled and walked to his line.

"Need help with your stuff, Mr. Elmo?"

"Help is always gratefully accepted."

"Good. I've a problem for a cool dude like you."

As they walked to his car, Roy asked what bothered Kevin. Stammering, blushing as redheads do so easily, Kevin told the elderly man about the proposition just made him. "... and I don't know what to do about it, or what to think if it comes to that."

"Kevin, I can't tell you what to think. It's obvious that someone wants pictures. Obviously, this guy thinks you'd be great for one of those muscle-porno things. I'm sure he's probably right."

"I turned him down, but he give me his card--if I changed my mind. He did say there was big money in it if they could put a mask on me."

"You ever see a copy of that magazine, Kevin?"

"No."

"Well, I have a back issue at home somewhere. If you decide to let the world take a look, come by and we'll talk it over after you see what you'll be showing."

Easy does it, Elmo thought. He'd been out of the world for almost two decades now, keeping up only by watching television. So much was on the news now--parades of gay pride, for example. Roy's reaction was strange. He approved of the movement but felt no wish to join it. His years in Cramerton had softened his instinct for the outrageous. Always with exceptions, Cramerton folk generally lived life with civility. They were terribly old-fashioned, and that seemed to be going down the drain with all the young businessmen determined to bring uncivil progress to town.

Two days later, Kevin called in the afternoon.

"You still got that magazine, Mr. Elmo? Can I come by after work and look at it?

"Will you have coffee or beer?"

Kevin had somehow convinced himself that any monetary reward was worth the price of pride. He didn't stop for a moment to think what this might do to his application for a job as teacher. Roy showed him the skin rag.

"Wow! I can do better than him. But who the hell wants to look at nekkid men?"

"Why do I have this to show you?"

"I never would have thought it."

"Lots of people, male and female, are voyeurs. They never get enough of looking at *Playboy* centerfolds, or the *Playgirl* studs that would not fold so easily."

"How would I go about getting pictures made?"

"You want to keep this quiet, Kevin?"

"Well, sure. But I don't think the local studio takes this kind of picture. Besides, I couldn't afford it."

Roy paused for a moment, then laid it on the line. "Kevin, I've got a good camera and a roll of thirty-six exposures if you want me to take the pictures. You pay only for the film and development."

"That would be great, Mr. Elmo."

"Listen, kid. If you're ready to take your clothes off and let me pose you in really intimate detail, there's one thing I insist on." This was said with unmistakable camp.

"What's that?" the sandy beauty asked nervously.

"You have to call me Roy. No other familiarity will be necessary."

"Okay, Roy. How do we get started?"

The following two hours were a compact of pleasure and frustration for Roy. Kevin doffed his clothes without any show of modesty; the magazine rep had certainly sized him up properly. Big sex, a full loose scrotum, surrounded by tight golden curls, alabaster skin, with an early pink sunburn on the legs and stomach, muscular thigh, shapely buns--all this had Roy drooling when he had to play it cool. And no sign, no lift of excitement from Kevin.

Roy did nothing to hide his own excitement--to which Kevin showed no reaction. At first it was infuriating, but as time and poses passed, his own reaction dwindled. It was as curious a sex scene as Roy could recall. Then he thought back to Demers in 1945--that Apollo in the flesh. Chance it seemed had thrown two perfect specimens in his search and ache for beauty. He sighed and smiled. How many men could find two in one lifetime?

These thoughts did not stop the job at hand. Kevin took direction like a born model, while Roy chattered at him to keep him loose and easy.

"We'll do a `Kevin comes home from work.' First, you go directly into the bathroom and take a leak. Wait, while I get the angle right, looking up at the soft monster. Now fall back on the bed and get out of your jeans and slowly lift your legs high. Outline your dick with your hand before you take the shorts off. Go back to the bath now and turn on the shower. Get in, soap your chest and stomach, and now your cock. Make sure the soap gets everywhere before you rinse off. Towel yourself, Kevin. Try to gently work up an erection. Let me get a close-up of the moistness of your skin, press water out of your pubic hair, and then fluff it with your fingertips."

Kevin was following all direction, but oddly, not responding to the situation. Still no hardon.

"Dammit, you aren't going to convince anybody you're feeling sexy. You'll have to play with it a while. When you get it hard, I'll start the pictures. Or maybe you need a girl on the camera."

"No. I wouldn't do this for anyone but you, Roy. Just takes time for me to hang loose. I can jerk off

with the best of them, Roy."

"Wait. My film is all used up.

"I'll go to the store for more."

The gorgeous boy was out of bed and into his clothes in two minutes. He grinned sweetly, saying, "I'll be right back," and was out the door in a flash.

Roy thought the picture session was over. He never expected it to be resumed. What he'd not reckoned on was what an adventure this was for Kevin, the serious young man who hoped to teach in middle school. However handsome his face and body, no one else had looked his way with so much obvious pleasure and satisfaction ... and respect.

Returning quickly with fresh film, he stripped, ready to start again.

Roy never actually discovered Kevin's hang-ups concerning sex. On the other hand, he seemed to have won the young man's confidence and regard.

Kevin whispered to him: "If these pictures bring any money my way, you have to share some of it."

Roy murmured, "You have to be the neatest young man to surface in years ... and the handsomest."

Kevin had gone back to the last pose he left, legs far apart and over his head, cock and buttocks thrust upward.

"Now what d'you want?"

"Moisture," Roy murmured, and, opening his mouth, he slid the long soft cock down his throat. Kevin, surprised, made a quick jerk, then relaxed and almost purred. Roy left it for a moment, then went up and down the length with only the slightest thickening to show for his efforts.

He came off it and snapped another picture.

"At least, I give good moisture," he said wryly.

"Man, that was great--felt so good. But I guess I better take it in hand if we're going to have a show."

Roy had never seen anyone work so hard at masturbation. One hand, two hands, twisting body, pushing a pillow under his ass, flailing legs, sweating and moaning, and then making whoofy noises as Roy managed to snap the eruption without getting the camera blinded--no mean feat.

When it was over, Roy said quietly, "How long have you been saving that?" Whereupon they laughed together--roars and chuckles and giggles. Kevin rushed into the bathroom to get wet face cloths to clean up as much as he could, for it was a prodigious explosion, clumping on the tall headboard as well as one wall. When all else was clear, Roy and Kevin showered in soapy laughter. Each got a back rub and neck massage, but no hands below the waist. Roy teased Kevin gently. "Never again aim your Uzi in my direction!"

Kevin took the two rolls of film to a studio which guaranteed processing and printing without comment. He told Roy that he had picked up the prints and negatives and was still moot about sending them to the raunchy magazine. Before he could bring them to Roy for viewing, he said, someone stole the bag they were in from the car.

In Dallas, maybe, Roy thought. But in Cramerton? Roy decided the enjoyable intimacy of that afternoon was too much for Kevin to review with pleasure.

After another two weeks, Kevin got his teaching job in a distant county. A month passed before Roy received a wedding invitation. He sent a camera and film for the honeymoon, expecting that would be the end of it.

Recalling the size when Kevin finally got himself to full erection, Roy hoped he had a girl who knew in advance what she was facing.

Four days before the wedding, Kevin called and said he wanted to see Roy, to thank him for the camera. He came within minutes. They hugged; Kevin kissed Roy's cheek; Roy lectured him on the need to keep beautiful. They laughed about many details of their afternoon together: having to stop to get new film, of the awkward positions Roy wanted, of the moment Roy had moisturized his tool. Kevin confessed the film was not stolen but hidden away.

"Keep it," Roy said, "so you can prove to the future I knew true manly beauty."

"Funny," Kevin replied, "what stands out in most of those poses was my silly smile."

"Not silly. Happy, sweet-natured, serene and hopeful. I guess the camera knew what I wanted most to preserve."

This established a nice mood of the moment, and Kevin asked Roy to hold him again, as they had after the post-climactic shower. Once more they undressed and embraced without passion, with comfort. Neither sought any climax, but both enjoyed the warm, companionable farewell.

Roy knew Kevin would never do anything like this again.

Roy Elmo never ends his search for manly perfection. It was a pity he found it twice unanswerable.

[Author's note: In order to understand the references to Demers and a broken toe, please read my story in CR #58.]

ROY ELMO writes primarily of the past. Born in 1921, he lives quietly closeted in a small north Texas town near the birthplace of CR's publisher. That, not to mention the facts that he's a brilliant writer and a wonderful person, makes him very special to us. This stocky, handsome man--like so many in our family--is much too alone for our satisfaction and needs the revitalizing touch of some gentle, caring soul in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area.

PROFILES OF OUR MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **LORD CLEVELAND** (aka writer BEN WADE), a strapping, striking, senior of keen wit and charm, lives in the San Francisco Bay area. A clergyman, artist, writer and now a CR cover model, he's still waiting for the arrival of his young Prince Charming.

Page 2: **BAMA**, a 54-year-old Mid-Atlantic coast resident, likes to hear from men 60+ (no younger, please). He likes to travel and can entertain in his town home any time. He's single and would appreciate a photo with any fan letters.

Page 4: **STARR** is 57, 6'-2", 175# and single. This outgoing, warm Southerner is looking for a nonsmoker/drinker who likes music, walking, biking, quiet evenings, and is interested in a mature lifemate relationship. **SUBMISSIVE BEAR CUB** lives in Calgary, Alberta, and is presently studying to become a geriatric nurse. He loves men 45-60, the more body hair the better, and is interested in friendships and a possible relationship. Photo please. **PLOVER** is a professional entertainer who lives in West Hollywood with lifemate, CR artist QUETZAL. He will be providing some of the entertainment for the Las Vegas Gathering next year. **BENNIE BAYAR** is a 28-year-old Pennsylvania native, 5'-10" and 325#. He's looking for a mature man who is willing to share the joy of life with a kind, loving Scorpio who likes camping, nudism and travel. **LONG ISLANDER** likes masculine men like himself, only over 50, hairy, energetic and relationship-oriented. A photo would be appreciated. **ROBERTO** is 47, 160#, and likes hairy men, 40+. He lives in Italy and enjoys travel and correspondence with pen-pals worldwide. **VETERAN ATHLETES** are a couple of English guys, 88 and 68, who are into keeping fit, photography, travel and correspondence.

Page 5: **C.J.** is none other than C.J. Schwartz, the President of SAGE of California and one of the featured speakers at the Orlando Gathering. He lives in San Diego. **ROMULUS** is a 68-year-old retired military man. He enjoys nudism and frequents local nudist facilities near his home in central Florida. Having no involvement in a personal relationship, he welcomes communication. **GABRIEL** is an artist living near New York City. Single, he is attracted to mature, older, white-haired, heavy-set, gentle men or gentlemen. **THE IRONWORKER** has been one of our most popular models for many years. Hardly a week goes by when someone doesn't request more photos of this delightful man. He's single and lives in Los Angeles. **THE COLONEL**, of course, is THE MAN in the eyes of thousands of our readers, especially those who've been with us for several years. This honorary cofounder lives in Mississippi with his lifemate, photographer and model TOMCAT.

Page 6: **WALKER**, 64, is a librarian, nudist, and is interested in erotic and general massage therapy. He lives in Connecticut and is a member of GNI. **JONBEAR** lives in Florida and was an attendee of the Orlando Gathering. He's single. **THE IRISHMAN** is single and lives in the Midwest. Like his photo partner, JONBEAR, we know very little about him, but we do know that he seeks communication from mature men. **THE HERMIT** lives in rural New York State, where he enjoys quiet evenings, outdoors, wood cutting, horses and gardening. He's 5'-10", 250# and is looking for very masculine men, 20-40, who have beards, long hair, honest hearts and are between150-200#. **ULTIMATE DADDY** is 56, 5'-10", 500+ pounds and lives in the Midwest. This gentle giant is seeking a young, clean, in-shape, loving "son" who needs a Daddy's love and guidance. **ILLINOIS BILL** is 68, 6'-1", 240# and lives alone. He likes men over 50 and is looking for a permanent relationship. This guy has a lot of love for the right man. **SEADOG**, our cover model for CR #57, is in his early 50s and lives in Sydney, Australia. He's a nonsmoker, a light drinker, single, and looking for someone 30-60 with whom to share his life. He likes swimming, beach, camping, and CW dancing.

Page 7: **SHANN**, 26, resides in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. He enjoys music, dancing, fishing, photography and the beaches. He's also interested in meeting older men for friendship and fun. **COLT 45**, a 6'-2", 219# truck driver living in New York, loves chubby white/grey-headed men over 45 and enjoys making new friends. **SEATTLE BOY** is 38, 6'-0", 180#, with brown hair and eyes. He's aroused by sexually active men, ages 55 to 80. Foreskins, bald pates or white/graying hair a plus. Hobbies: sex, weight-lifting, books, films, foreign languages. **PICANTE** is a discreet, romantic, shy, easy-going non-drinker who enjoys television, music, travel, quiet evening at home, sunsets, nature, and country life. He lives in the Chicago area. **JOCKAMO**, 34, 6 ft, 190# and of Italian heritage, resides in Connecticut. Preferring older gentlemen for a possible relationship, he enjoys boating, cooking, theatre, music and the love of a good man. **J.B.** likes his own age (not given) to 70, all shapes and sizes, who like to have fun and enjoy life. He likes sports, theater, music, golf, and safe sex. Relationship possible. **THE EM & M** is a Northern Californian and long-time subscriber who feels he was born to please and satisfy sexy seniors. His motto: The EM & M melts in your mouth, not in your hand.

Page 8: **TIGER & TEDDY**, both 62, 5'-11" and stocky, have been together eleven years. They live in the Orlando Florida area and are gentle, affectionate bears who enjoy the company of singles and couples, 45-70+. **BLIXA & GERHARD** are 25 and 60 respectively. BLIXA is German and GERHARD is a Southern Californian. This international and intergenerational couple live together in the Los Angeles area. **MUSIC MAN II & B B** met at the Orlando Gathering and now both live in Tennessee. We're waiting to hear more. **SUN-N-FUN & R.R. MICHIGAN** are both in their mid-fifties and built similarly. They enjoy the sun, the beach, shopping, theater, travel, and socializing with other couples. They currently live in Michigan but will soon be moving to Florida.

Page 21: **WILD BILL** is 45, 5'-10", and a film editor. His interests include Sierra hiking, classical music, foreign travel, reading. Single and living in the L.A. Valley, he likes tall men, 45 and older. Photo a must.

Page 24: **THE IRONWORKER** (see bio above).

Page 38: **ED HARVEY**, 56, is single, 5'-11", 230# and rugged. He loves 50+ chubbies to pet and pamper, but we have a feeling that he might not be single for long. He lives in Long Beach, CA.

Page 43: **THE WOODSMAN** is 57, 6'-1", 185#, and lives in Illinois--except when he winters in Arizona. He seeks a lifemate who is stocky and mature.

Page 48: **LEN** is a retired Brooklyn resident of Italian heritage. At 5'-9", 170#, with a gym body, he's serious about meeting bear-type guys, 35 and up. He'll only answer letters with phone and photo included.

Page 57: **PANDA and JON** are two very talented (videography, writing) English pals who share an interest in photography, video,

and correspondence. PANDA is an Englishman living in Wales, and JON lives in England. PANDA especially likes to hear from men who are 50+ and of stocky build. JON seeks contact with a greater audience.

Page 58: **ROMULUS** - see previous page. **WILLI**, a 63 year old, 6'-3", retired Austrian likes home life, traveling, music and walking. He wants to meet mature men, all races. Visitors welcome and can be accommodated. **HORNED TOAD** is a well-hung, 61-year-old who is almost exclusively oral but would be happy to be top guy for the right man. He's looking for a live-in lover and hopefully a lifemate with an open relationship. He lives in Connecticut. **MARC MANN** is a nudist, bodybuilder and video entrepreneur who lives in Laguna Beach. He's single and likes classical music, theatre, concerts, photography and sharing intimate dinners with close friends. **BRUNO** is a 48-year-old Italian living in New York. He's 5'-8", 158#, bisexual, very versatile and likes mature people. **THE RANCHER** is 67, 6 ft., 185# and lives in the wilds of Wyoming. He likes younger, slender men, dogs, the outdoors and extensive travel throughout the western states.

Page 59: **GENTLE BEN**, another very popular model, lives in Florida with his lifemate, CASEY. These wonderful men were big hits at the Orlando Gathering and are an inspiration to other intergenerational couples. **MUT & BIG PAW** were pals at the Orlando Gathering, where this photo was taken. MUT (short for Helmut) is a German-American lover of older men who lives in Connecticut. BIG PAW, our cover model on CRC#2, lives in Idaho with his TWO lifemates. And, yes, it works quite well! **ROB DADEO** was our premier model back in '86 and '87 until he found partner STEVE and settled down like a good boy. He and Steve live in Oregon and Florida and travel extensively throughout the world. **KIM & GEORGIA EDDIE** are none other than the stars of CRC #3. They are wildly popular, especially after their fun antics at the Orlando Gathering. They live in the Atlanta area. **THE FRIAR** is cofounder and copublisher of CR and the better half of the Bruce and Pat duo. **ERICH** is one of many "Friar Fan Club" members who greeted Bruce at the gathering. He hails from Illinois, but we have no more information on him. **PAUL** is 36, 150#, and lives in Austin, Texas, where he's active with PRIME TIMERS. He enjoys duplicate bridge, gardening, the outdoors, and mature men 55+.

Page 60: **BILL OF SAN FRANCISCO** is in his 60s and has a sunny outlook on life. He also likes the outdoors, flowers, soft music, dogs, cats and travel. He seeks serious companionship of another middle-age guy. **THE PILOT**, 61, resides in Florida and San Francisco. He seeks friendship or relationship with a 25 to 35-year-old who is caring, loving, mature and sincere. He loves to travel and says, "Come fly with me." Of course, he is a pilot. **DON K.**, 62, lives in San Francisco, where he's into leather and outdoor life. He seeks pen-pals from around the country and likes to travel. He prefers RV life. **RAY W.** is yet another popular Aussie model. He's 53, lives in Queensland, and would like to write guys any age or race. He's able to host visitors and likes hairy, active, older guys. **NUTHATCH** is a 69-year-old, rugged-looking farmer type who lives in east-central Illinois, not far from the University of Illinois. He likes his men chubby, and he's holding out for the right one.

Page 61: **THE WRANGLER** is 65, 6 ft., 225#, and has just kept his promise to show his front side (see his backside in CR #56). This L.A. resident has a lifemate, but they live separately. **HAWO**, 49, lives in Bavaria and prefers dominant men older than himself. He likes reading, music, art and traveling. Visitors are welcome. **DEBUSEN** is of Japanese heritage and lives in the Los Angeles area. He's in his 40s and loves chubbies in their 40s and 50s. **SUNDIAL** is a nonsmoking/drinking Long Islander who visits south Florida once or twice a year. He loves the beach, music, movies, outdoors, traveling, and 50+ chubbies.

Page 62: **R.B. REAL** is 73, 6'-1", 175# and resides in the Southwest. For all you guys who've requested more photos of older men with low hangers . . . here ya go! **MR. DRIP** is new to the scene but looks as if he can take care of himself. He lives in Southern California and wants to hear from masculine men who don't smoke or do drugs. **MR. G**, our cover model for CR #56, shows his wilder side. He enjoys the company of men his age or older and lives near the Sierras. He really enjoys the outdoors, and dining out means taking his RV to a lake, river or the Pacific coast north of Los Angeles. **THE DUKE** is 51, 6 ft., 220# and very young at heart. He likes men like Mr. G, who shares the page with him. He lives in Missouri.

Page 63: **ROOSTER II** is a writer who enjoys bodybuilding, the beach, gardening, travel, music and meeting new friends. This Daddy Bear needs a romantic and lovable cub to work out with him.

Back Cover: **GREYBEARD** is 68, retired and living in Atlanta. He enjoys cooking, working out, spectator sports, and meeting new people--especially big, burly men over 40.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHER

CHELSEA WILLIAMS is one of the top professional photographers in the business and one of our best supporters. Although he's not in the routine portrait business, he will photograph a limited number of our readers for publication in CR, provided they reimburse him for his expenses. You may contact San Franciscan Chelsea through CR.

ARTISTS

Page 25: **QUETZAL**, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with model PLOVER in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

Page 39: **JAMES L. HAWKINS**, 66, lives with his lover of 15 years, Jack Gray, age 73, in their home in West Los Angeles. They both are active in collecting 19th and 20th century original art, which includes some fine examples of the male nude. James has been drawing from the male nude for over 44 years and taught life drawing for several years at Beverly Hills Adult School.

Page 49: **RAM** hardly needs an introduction if you've followed CR for awhile. He has few peers in this genre, as you can surmise. This magnificent professional artist (he only does erotic material for us) lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida and loves to garden. If you haven't seen his two awesome masterpieces in CR CLASSICS #3 (one in color and one in black & white), you really ought to get a copy. Stunning erotic artwork like this comes along once in a generation.

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NUDE PARTIES: THE RISKS

BY EXOCET

Have you ever been invited to a "nude party"? Pure nudists have them all the time, but they call them "gatherings" and bring all the kids along. But straight nudists have this dilemma regarding their gay counterparts: they're compelled to include them in the naturist movement, but they can't seem to trust a homosexual's motives for wanting to get bareassed. Granted, there are lots and lots of gay and bisexual nudists who know how to walk the fine line between being oblivious to fellow nudists' genitalia and getting a boner at the sight of some monster dick. But the term "nude party" in gay circles is quite often used to mean something the naturist movement abhors: sex orgy.

Most people I know don't go to sex orgies any more. Many of my friends never went to such events even *before* AIDS. Those eccentric few who enjoy such delicacies as smegma and toe jam aside, I'll venture to say that the typical sexual eclectic (Colley newspeak for those men who lust after other men rarely, sometimes, most times, and all the time) likes his men one or two-on-one, and relatively clean. I'll further stick my neck out and insist that the most sexually active male manlovers (Holling Thomas newspeak) have a type that turns them on, and any substantial deviation from that type will render the old penis *flaccidus acutus*. These men wouldn't be caught dead at an orgy, because God forbid that some unsavory type would steal a lick during the throes of passion for someone else.

I never liked orgies for just that reason, but I assure you that I wasn't a prude by a long shot. When I was younger I did my share of recreational sex with countless men I met in toilets, video arcades, baths and bars. It wasn't until I hit 40 that I suddenly realized why I was always getting colds and the flu. When I was in my twenties, I contracted gonorrhea three times; when I was in my thirties, I caught a form of herpes that attacked the inner ear. Twice, I had to take gamma globulin because I had sex with someone who'd come down with hepatitis. Other friends were busy getting syphilis, genital herpes, and even some non-venereal maladies like encephalitis. Then along came AIDS, which killed half the people I knew and scared the living hell out of everyone else.

Enter "safe sex," and a lot of guys started having fun again. It took several years, but guys began to realize that oral sex isn't the easy HIV transmission route it is made out to be by the politically correct gay and lesbian media. "Glory be!" they shouted, and the baths and video arcades began to open up again in certain areas of the country. A lot of the J/O clubs decided to add slurping to the jerking, and it was almost like old times again.

Deja vu. I still vividly remember back in the early 80s when people were being warned about AIDS. Few listened. And now the medical establishment is warning us about something we completely forgot about: hepatitis.

There are at least four types of hepatitis: Acute hepatitis A, acute hepatitis B, non-A/non-B hepatitis, and chronic hepatitis. Hepatitis A is the least serious and symptoms (jaundice, loss of appetite, weakness, fever, etc.) usually go away after 4 to 6 weeks. It's contracted through exposure to an infected person's feces and/or blood. Non A/non-B symptoms are often milder with no jaundice, but it can often lead to chronic hepatitis and cirrhosis. It's usually contracted through contact with infected blood or sexual activity. Hepatitis B is much more severe and symptoms lasts much longer. It also can lead to complications such as liver cancer, chronic hepatitis, cirrhosis, blood-clotting, lowered blood sugar levels, and ultimately liver failure. The infection route for hepatitis B is similar to that of non-A/non-B and HIV, with one exception: the virus can also be spread through contact with saliva, nasal mucous and semen. It is *extremely* contagious.

It gets more ominous. It is possible for a person to be infected with (and become a carrier of) the hepatitis B virus without his ever developing any symptoms of the disease. An infected and asymptomatic carrier can therefore unknowingly transmit the virus to another through sexual contact. He would never know he was a carrier unless he had his blood screened during a medical checkup or in preparation for giving blood. Does that sound familiar?

I don't want to come across as being a party pooper, so I'll tell you about some things you can do to protect yourself:

1. Get your blood tested to see if you have antibodies. If you do, it means that you've already been exposed and are immune. If not, get vaccinated.
2. Ensure that your sex partner(s) is clean. Know where his penis has been prior to allowing it inside your mouth.
3. Never get too carried away with a person who's had a bowel movement since his last shower.
4. Never come into contact with feces or blood.
5. Avoid sex orgies where everyone takes on everyone else. An infected person could easily infect the entire group.

I wasn't at the Orlando Gathering, but I heard about that infamous orgy room. Would I have visited it had I been there? Sure, out of curiosity, but such "observers" aren't usually welcome. Would I have participated? Probably not. I'm very particular about who I bed and prefer that my love-making be squeaky clean and one-on-one.

Please understand that I'm not condemning such parties. Even at orgies, you can still find clean one-on-one and two-on-one sex. Stake out a corner and have at it . . . just don't jump into the pile unless you're vaccinated, immune or don't give a damn.

EXOCET is back after his "sloppily written" video review in CR #56 (see FORUM, page 12, of CR #58). Canadian Customs also slapped us on the wrist for his description of a sex scene in an Amsterdam bar, so the poor guy got it from both ends. Undue criticism aside (both were the editor in chief's errors), this very secretive, deeply closeted retired navy captain lives in Newport Beach. He prefers to stay anonymous and does not seek mail which requires a response.

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

ALASKA

(2/94) FAIRBANKS: WM, 58, 5'-9", seeks younger GM to share the beauty of the last frontier. No anal or pain. I'm a lover and toucher; you be too. Age, weight, color, not a problem. If you're not sincere and not in need of someone to care, don't write. Will answer all responses. Picture would be nice. I will accommodate also. Write: Don Whalen, P.O. Box 82838, Fairbanks, AK 99708.

ARIZONA

(12/93) TUCSON: GWM retiree, 56, 6'-1", rugged, masculine, nonsmoker/drinker, nudist, new to area. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Looking for friendship, maybe more, any race, under 50. Very flexible and able to travel extensively. Write: Model **BAREKAT**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(12/93) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, early 60s, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV-). Prefer under 50 for safe encounters. I'm top only, into light S & M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional travels to major U.S. cities. I'm model BAY AREA TOP in CR#51. Write: John B., P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(12/93) CALIFORNIA/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 48 yrs, 6'-2", 195#, short-trimmed gray beard, silver/light brown hair, husky, brawny, living on very rural ranch/farm one hour from San Francisco. Straight forward, trustworthy, very healthy, non-drinking nonsmoking, masculine businessman. Seeking honest, younger, masculine, affectionate, stable man as long-term partner who knows and appreciates active older gay men are very hot. Hopefully likes outdoors, gardens, dogs, cows, chickens and other gentle creatures. I like farm and ranch work, business, queer and liberal politics, travel, reading and of course home and hearth. Have the flexibility to possibly relocate for the right man. Please write informative letter with pictures to David, P.O. Box 751081, Petaluma, CA 94975.

(4/94) PORTLY TO HEAVYWEIGHTS: GWM, 60, 5'-6", 200#, smooth, 6" uncut, retired, cover model for CRC#3. Seeks large to very large men, any age. Open to lifetime commitment. Pen pal, photo exchange nationwide welcome. Can travel. Don Charles, 53787 Hwy 245, Miramonte, CA 93641, (209) 336-0006.

(2/94) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 57, 5'-10", 180#, 9" cut, would like to meet gentlemen over 60 to discipline and love me. I always do as I'm told. Roger Silberman, 962 Jones #1, San Francisco, CA 94109, or call (415) 441-5191.

(12/93) IF YOU ARE SERIOUS about forming a monogamous life partnership/best friendship, read on. I'm looking for someone with time to invest (no multiple memberships, friendships or heavily scheduled lifestyle), and the capacity for love, generosity and caring. GWM, 45, 5'-11", 160#, brown eyes, brown-grey hair/balding, masculine, very hairy, healthy, cleanshaven, well-groomed, stable, adventurous, pleasant personality. Enjoy country music, travel, outdoors, movies, reading, hobbies. We share: good values, no addictions, height/weight proportional, good sense of humor, calm/unpretentious personality, quiet lifestyle. Please include return address with response. John, P.O. Box 4654, Foster City, CA 94404.

(2/94) OLDER CULTURED GENTLEMAN: Shy British humor, professional, 65, attractive face, body, big tits, hairy, slender, uncut, seeks warm, fun, lustful lover for serious relationship only. HIV negative. Write: **SUMMERSET**

(12/93) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: 52, 5'-10", 210#, HIV negative, white hair and beard, seeking lifemate/partner and friends. You enjoy quiet times, conversation, ideas; you are open, caring, loving, kind, affectionate, with a good sense of humor and fun and friendship. Write: N.D., Box 463, Forestville, CA 95436.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/94) L.A. AREA: Cute GWM, 30, 5'-8", 135#, muscular, smooth, gymnist body and financially secure, seeks very wealthy gentleman (over 55), with beerbelly, who weighs over 230#, for special bonding to share love and affection. Send

correspondence to C.B., 8033 Sunset Blvd. #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(12/93) L.A. AREA: GWM, 52, 6'-0", 230#, looking for friend to enjoy travel, sports, movies, dining and videos. Enjoy visiting CR readers on vacation trips. Write: **BIG BILL** or phone (909)-596-3612.

(12/93) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happily horny, versatile GWM wants to meet others in varying states of impotency. Stocky, friendly and hairy 61, 5'-10", 205#, talented, masculine wants you. Size and age unimportant. HIV negative a plus. I am HIV negative, French A/P. Like J/O and lots of hugging, kissing. Prefer Burbank, SFV men, masculine and warm-hearted. Write Fred, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(2/94) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA-INLAND EMPIRE: GBM, professional, retired, 65, 5'-8", 210#, moustache, fit, HIV negative, French active/passive, Greek passive, seeks good-looking top who is masculine, athletic, 50-70, for sensuous, slow meetings, plus good food, movies, videos, conversation. Write: **SCORPIO**

(12/93) NATIVE ITALIAN: 75, bilingual, slender, healthy, solid body (uncut 6"), nonsmoker, well-educated & traveled, with lots of TLC to give, seeks chubby male (about 300#) who must live in San Diego. Write Paul Borutti, 109 University Ave. #6, or call (619) 291-8966.

(12/93) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: 37, 5'-11", 185#, masculine, semi-hairy, bi, bottom, with little experience, looking to please and obey sexually active, hung, dominant, mature man. Discipline. Safe. Race and weight unimportant. Write: **L.A. RON**

(12/93) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 68, 6'-3", 195#, green eyes, silver hair, moustache, beard. Multi-lingual, witty, workaholic, successful author in several media. Oversexed and overwhelmed with loneliness. Practice French actively, Greek passively. Don't need any more practice. Just right fellow (30-50), F/p, G/a, horny a plus! Photo, phone number, please. Write: **IRISH**

(2/94) SAN DIEGO: 50 year old man, 5'-10", 170#, educated, discreet, oral top. Seeks slim man, 70+, for ongoing friendship. **IVY LEAGUER**

(2/94) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: Average looking WM, 61, 5'-11", 203#, Greek passive, French A/P, seeks clean-cut guys, all ages, for friendship, fun, travel and/or possible relationship. Looks not important, but sincerity is! Photo/phone appreciated but not required. Discretion is assured. Write: Big Al, P.O. Box 911, Thousand Palms, CA 92276-0911.

(12/93) QUALITY OF LIFE: Attractive, tall professional GWM, 59, 240#, 6'-6", light-brown thinning hair, moderate body hair, Los Angeles area, looking for tall, slender Latino to 40 yr for affectionate one-to-one relationship. I enjoy home, cooking, music, travel, theater, movies, good dinners, delightful conversation, and sharing excitement of life as well as disappointments. HIV negative, safe sex, nonsmoker, non-drugs, moderate drinker. Send letter with photo to Bill, 19450 Pine Canyon Road, Lake Hughes, CA 93532. I will answer all responses.

(12/93) REDONDO BEACH: GWM, 34, 5'-7", 165#, clean-shaven, seeks WM, 55+, as lover, best friend, companion, all in one, to share life with. Photo/phone: Steve N., P.O. Box 2263, Redondo Beach, CA 90278.

(2/94) See GEORGIA

CONNECTICUT

(4/94) BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 49, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868

FLORIDA

(2/94) NORTH MIAMI-INTERNATIONAL: 63-year-young, 5'-5", chubby, 221#, intelligent, honest, caring, affectionate, seeks LEAN top man, 25-55, for serious monogamous relationship. A masculine man desired. Me: non-drinker/smoker/drug user. Seek same. I am HIV negative and seek same. I am into many cultural and psychic pursuits. A redhead a plus. Call (305) 892-1426 till 12 a.m., or write to Francis Cianflone, 920 N.E. 129th St., N. Miami, FL 33161.

(8/94) WEST PALM BEACH: CR Model (cover of #48 and inside #53) KARL has recently relocated from California. This late 50s ex-football player is single, flexible and looking for just the right masculine guy, any race, any mature age. Write: **KARL**

(12/93) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 67. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

(2/94) NORTHEAST DADE: Calling all tomcats. Stop caterwauling! Declawed, completely passive, totally submissive, mature (70+) pussycat of moderate size (5'-6", 160#), seeks a dominant and hirsute tomcat who needs lots of loving, cuddling, and whatever else to satisfy him and keep him happy. No more catting around. Wants to settle down and raise some kittens. Write for more details. Photo a must. No reply without one. **PUSSYCAT**

(4/94) CENTRAL FLORIDA - U.S. 27/441: Couple, 68 and 71. Singles/couples, 25+ for friendship/sex, one to one, welcome to our home. Located 48 miles north of Orlando, 23 miles south of Ocala. No collect calls, drugs, freeloaders, S & M. Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32158, or call (904) 753-2857.

(2/94) WEST COAST OF FLORIDA: If you are in your 30s and want a secure future filled with love, caring, affection and an opportunity to develop to your fullest capacity, write to me. I'm a GWM in my early 60s, and because of prostate problems, can function in very way except active sex. I have everything in life except a loving partner. Could it be you? Write: **MEMPHIS**

(10/94) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GBM, 40, 5'-6", 160#, nonsmoker, seeks new friends, singles/couples. See my photo in CR #58. Write: **SHORTY**

(12/93) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Tall, rugged, masculine, GWM, 60s, 6'-4", 265#, salt & pepper hair, moustache, youthful looking, hairy chest, tattoos, 6" cut, French A/P, Greek A (might be passive with the right man). I am a very affectionate, loving, sincere, caring, healthy person (HIV negative). I am seeking a man over 55, masculine, HIV negative, grey or white hair, husky, affectionate and loving, for a one-on-one, permanent relationship. I am an artist/portrait painter by profession, live alone and if necessary will relocate. I am not interested in one-night stands but in a monogamous and honest commitment. I love good conversation, quiet evenings at home, good music, fine art, good food, and a man with a good sense of humor. Under 6 feet and hairy a plus. Sincerity a must. Write: Russo, 505 N.E. 30th St., Apt. 404, Miami, FL 33137. Photo and phone number gets mine in return.

GEORGIA

(4/94)) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 170#, drink/drug-free, nonsmoker. Let's exchange info and photo about ourselves. Write: Ed, 215 Shirley Dr., Warner Robins, GA 31088.

(12/93) ATLANTA: Bear, 58, easy-going, brown hair, brown eyes, 190#, full beard and 'stache. Attached, but bored.

Wants to meet new friends and pen pals, 30-60. Curious about other bears. Likes music, cooking, entertaining, sailing, camping, computer bulletin boards, and keyboards. If any of this spikes your interest, drop a line and photo to: **TRUCK**

(12/93) WORST ADVICE EVER GOT: "Don't look for love; let it find you." Stopped looking years ago; now have a life that is testament to lovelessness. Bullshit! GWM, 43, handsome top, seeks SIGNIFICANT other. J.S.W., P.O. Box 2014, Decatur, GA 30031.

(2/94) SAN DIEGO BOUND: GWM, 27, 5'-9", red/brown, attractive, masculine, with a muscular build. Moving to San Diego this spring and hoping to meet a mature bear for relationship. I am a secure professional who enjoys all outdoor activities (sports, biking, camping). Music is a passion and romantic evenings with a husky mature man is a favorite. You are 35-55 y/o, 200-265#, with a chubby but stocky to strong build. Positives include short hair or balding, thick beards, and body hair. You too are secure, romantic, and desire an exciting monogamous relationship. Phone/photo to: **NADR**

ILLINOIS

(12/93) CENTRAL/SOUTHERN ILLINOIS: 39-year-old, masculine, sincere and passionate man's man type, looking for mature (over 55) bears who are all man, yet playful, a bit passive, and interested in friendly weekend meetings. Photo, if possible. It will be returned. Write: **KINGFISHER**

(12/93) ILLINOIS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 6'-1", 185#, masculine outdoor type, seeking stocky, mature lifemate, built on love, affection, honesty, caring, respect, humor, sex and compatibility. Respond with picture and let's get to know each other for a happy life together. John Grusy, 1442 Betsy Ross Dr., Urbana, IL 61801.

KANSAS

(12/93) KANSAS: 53-year-old male seeking single and couples in Kansas. Versatile, no-roles kind of guy. Age not important. Anxious to network in Central Kansas. I know you're out there. Please write with photo. Joel Banner, P.O. Box 95, Alma, KS 66401-0095.

MASSACHUSETTS

(12/93) BOSTON: Are you a younger man who likes older? Let's talk, correspond, meet. I'm 63, 5'-9", 205#, HIV negative, employed engineer, content with single life, but feel that it would be more fun to share. Prefer men legal to 40 years, on the lean side, not using drugs or tobacco. Any skin color fine. Dark hair, smiles and flashing eyes turn me on. Since I'm a father and grandfather, my experience with family life should make me a good companion. Photo gets mine. Write: **BOSTON BILL**

(8/94) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 185#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. All replies answered. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(12/93) BOSTON: GWM, tall, trim, healthy, 49, honestly attractive, very much a bottom and masculine (I'm in #51, p. 11). I have varied interests: museums, outdoors, etc. Seeking a stable, centered top over 55. Old fashion values, personal integrity more important than looks or race. No drugs or bars; sense of humor a must; object: relationship. Milk and cookies are waiting. Write: Fredrick, P.O. Box 319, Boston, MA 02130-0319.

MISSISSIPPI

(12/93) YOUNG: 66, 5'-10", 160#, uncut top, seeks older, over 180#, uncut visitors or permanent companion. Looking for relationship. Likes loving. Only one hour from New Orleans. Photo and phone to Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(6/94) KANSAS CITY: GWM, 53, 5'-10", 290#, dominant top, smoker, light drinker, in search of GWM, 21-35, trim, submissive bottom. Looking for friends first, maybe more. Honesty and boyish looks a plus. Reply with photo to: J.B., P.O. Box 45285, Kansas City, MO 64111.

(6/94) ST. LOUIS: 45, 5'-11", 185#, HIV negative, brown eyes, black hair with white streaks, average size. Enjoy computers, golf, reading, dining out, new age jazz, photography at all levels, bicycling, gardening, traveling, pets (dogs), the arts, j/o sessions, videos and magazines featuring men over 55 with hairy chests. Collector of photos of same. Looking for an individual who is sincere, loving, caring, robust, passionate, cuddler, masculine, monogamous, nonsmoker, over 55 with a hairy chest (an advantage), and willing to share the rest of our lives together . . . similar couple not ruled out. Photographs appreciated. Write to: **PHOTO MAN**

NEBRASKA

(6/94) OMAHA/MIDWEST: GWM, 5'-8 1/2", 160#, blond/blue, 43 years old, seeking large, balding, older man (short) for possible relationship. Photo appreciated but not necessary (yours gets mine). Thanks! Write: **OZZIE**

NEVADA

(12/93) LAS VEGAS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-7", 185#, retired, seeking companion, permanent relationship or new friends. Any age will do. If necessary, can relocate. Pen pals wanted. Write: Ted Hale, 3601 E. Wyoming Ave., Sp. 23, Las Vegas, NV 89104-4933.

(6/94) NATIONWIDE: 38, 5'-10", 172#, Oriental, healthy, nice looking, fit, nonsmoker and non-drug user, sexually Greek passive. I am attracted to white male older than I am (to 55), stocky or heavy-set top. Seeking pen pal, friend or relationship. I like travel, hiking, camping, watching sunset, music and quiet time at home. Write: J.H., P.O. Box 41272, Reno, NV 89504.

NEW JERSEY

(2/94) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 65, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

NEW MEXICO

(12/93) MASTER/DAD: Seeks slave/son. Pluses are red hair, pierced, tattooed, hairy, uncut, small in stature, but am open to any REAL SLAVE type. I'm a master/dad who is 60sh with salt and pepper hair, beard, moustache, beer gut, 5'-8", 183#. You must be able to relocate. Fotos, date available. Your living/maintenance/travel needs, etc. in first letter to: Sir, 2100 Ross #163, Clovis, NM 88101.

NEW YORK

(12/93) ARE YOU 50? 60? MORE? I'm 60s, young

appearance, in-shape, 6'-4", 190#, 9", uncut. Seeking healthy, caring, HIV negative, quality guy like me for friendship or more, any area, to meet, phone, correspond. Dad types a plus. Pic appreciated; all answered. **MALECALL**

(12/93) NEED SOME HOT LOVIN'? Nippleplay? Expert French? Lloyd Bridges type, dentured Daddy wants to please you. Love kissing, body contact, rimming and more. Prefer (not strictly) big, bulky football/wrestler types who are short/stocky, hairy, tattooed, rugged. Partial to Italians, Greeks, Latins. RCR, Box 3084, New York, NY 10163, or call (212) 684-3582.

(12/93) MANHATTAN: GM, Indian, 47, 5'-10", slim, loyal, romantic, socially conscious, seeks slim Asian only for relationship. Write: **SHIVA**

(12/93) NEW YORK/WINTER SOUTHERN FLORIDA: GWM, mature at 61, but lacking in experience, would like a bright young top man who can handle 295# packed into a 6 foot frame and can share interests in theater, antiques and the good things in life. I'm a real sweetheart who is looking for a nice, sweet guy. Since I'm round, firm and fully packed--yet free and easy--call me Phillip Morris and write to me at 130 Garth Road - Apt. 111, Scarsdale, NY 10583.

(12/93) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Asian male seeks gentlemen, 60-70, for correspondence, friendship and more. I'm 29, 6'-0", 175#, educated, HIV negative, sincere, affectionate. Photo appreciated (will return upon request). Write: **TEMPEST**

NORTH CAROLINA

(4/94) CLINTON: 47, GWM, 7-1/2" cut, bottom only, loves sex. HIV negative. Looking for the Silver Fox who can give me the time of my life. I love good sex, food, soft times and hard times. I want my love to be over 49 years--someone who can fill me up when we are together. I am very loyal with whom I'm with, but he has to be over 49. I wish to work in a gay atmosphere, something like Key West or Palm Springs. Write: Willie V. Hobbs, 109 Kimbrough Rd., Clinton, NC 28328.

NORTH DAKOTA

(12/93) NORTH DAKOTA/NATIONAL: GWM, 42, 5'-8", 180#, grey hair, bald, blue eyes, average-looking and single. Seeking sincere, honest man between 18 and 65. Be self-supporting and don't smoke, drink or do drugs. Be up front about who you are and who you're NOT! Send photo if possible. Must be discreet. I will answer all. Am good at French. **RICK DAKOTA**

OHIO

(12/93) DAYTON/SW OHIO: GBM, 52, 5'-9", solid 190#, café au lait complexion, brown/brown. Professional communicator. Many interests: sports, the arts, reading, history, music, "hot" tapes. Strong arms to hold a 50+ guy who's stable, secure with himself and who appreciates sensual, caring lovemaking. I'm sexually versatile—safely. Please, no kink, mind games or photo collectors. Will exchange letters and photos; discretion assured. To a special guy out there: let's join in a special bond—mind-to-mind, heart-to-heart, etc. Write: STRAC, 8599 Towson Blvd., Miamisburg, OH 45342.

PENNSYLVANIA

(12/93) PENNYSYLVANIA: GWM, youthful 60, 5'-10", 180#, moderately hairy, very masculine, nonsmoking, healthy (HIV-), hearing but signing professional (my photo on page 4 of CR #58, SMILING THRU) with charming, 3-bedroom chalet in year-round resort area of Pocono Mountains, seeks slim, healthy, manly, monogamous deaf or hearing professional, 25-55, who can relocate. Write: C. Garon, P.O. Box 452, Bartonsville, PA 18321, or call (717) 839-8578.

(2/94) S.W. PA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 28, brown/blue, 5'-10", 350#, medium hairy, enjoys music, movies, nudism, genealogy, pets. Seeks: older (35-80), hairy top, in shape. Must be warm and loving. Will answer all. Photo gets first: Ben Shallenberger, RD 6, Box 2955, Mt. Pleasant, PA 15666.

(12/93) PENNSYLVANIA/NATIONWIDE: Asian, 62, 5'-4", 170#, stocky, husky, masculine, clean-shaven, nonsmoker, non-drinker, no drugs, HIV negative, French A/P. My interests: avid golfer, fishing, computer, fitness, plus other interests. Seeking: strong, stocky, rugged, thick-chested, masculine, 50+ with similar interests. Photo exchanged. Write: **GOLFER**

SOUTH CAROLINA

(2/94) SOUTH CAROLINA/SOUTHEAST: Seek friendship with guys who enjoy lively conversation, a laugh, travel, hot time between the sheets. Me: a mature, hefty, retired GWM with lively mind, spirit. Near I-95, I-20 and I-77. Write: Sandy, Box 1663, Camden, SC 29020.

TENNESSEE

(12/93) TENNESSEE: White male, 32, seeks to increase circle of friends. Looking for those 40 or older in the middle Tennessee, Nashville area. Write: **REP**

TEXAS

(12/93) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 47, stocky, nice-looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up - no limit! Especially like white hair and/or mustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(12/93) LIFE PARTNER WANTED: GWM, 31, tall, trim, athletic, nonsmoker, financially secure. Masculine and dominant daddy type. Seeking short, stocky, grey, balding man who has a boyish disposition, can cook, is Greek passive, and is able to relocate. Write: Morgan, Box 227412, Dallas, TX 75222-7412.

(4/94) AMARILLO: Me: 6'-5", 270, 31 y/o, bearded, brown hair, hazel eyes. Don't smoke or do drugs. Interests: reading, Trek, dogs, music, Bears and mansex. I'm open-minded. Looking for friends and more. Benn, P.O. Box 50103, Amarillo, TX 79159, or call (806) 359-6842.

VIRGINIA

(12/93) VIRGINIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 120#, 5'-7", endowed, HIV negative, retired, financially secure, lives alone, assures discreet privacy, safe sex only. I am outgoing, affectionate, literate, and sincere, with wide interests in arts, antiques, music, travel, reading and needlepoint. I seek distinguished, physically fit, 75-year-plus, white-haired gentleman with whom personal hygiene is paramount, and who desires initial, frank, honest correspondence with the prospect of developing an affectionate friendship having potential for long-term, monogamous, loving, intimate relationship. All letters with photo (dressed or nude OK) get mine. Write or call: Bob Boone, 2819 Leeds Ct., Chesapeake, VA 23321. Phone (804) 483-8941.

WASHINGTON

(12/93) WASHINGTON 50-YEAR-OLD PARAPLEGIC: seeks sensitive, intelligent, clean-neat correspondent between the ages of 20 and 55, with no addictive habits. Area of interest

is southwestern Washington State. Centralia/Chehalis area preferred, but Raymond/South Bend also okay. Write: **WHEELS**

(4/94) PACIFIC NORTHWEST BEAR SEEKS PARTNER who is masculine, honest, caring, self-sufficient, and younger but mature. I'm 57, 6'-1", 210#, bearded, hairy, aggressive, affectionate, like to travel, hike, ski, sail, work out. I enjoy friends and home, have diverse interests, and would like to share yours. You be willing to follow at times but be able to lead at others. Must want to work to establish a long-term relationship. Sam, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096.

WEST VIRGINIA

(12/93) WV/DC/VA/MD: Cute GWM, 5'-8", 145#, brown hair, green eyes, 51, in pretty good shape, G/A, in WV panhandle near Baltimore and DC, seeks long-term relationship, taking life a day at a time with masculine/boyish, slender (muscular and/or thin), G/P & J/O buddy/friend/lover, 18-40. Am a video/audio journalist/reviewer of arts, diverse types of music (classical, RR, CW), film, outdoors, model railroading. Hope to meet someone in a 12-step program who loves sex but also pursues a spiritual path. Can entertain if you can travel. Photo/phone to: Rad, RD 2, Box 654, Harpers Ferry, WV 25425.

WISCONSIN

(12/93) NORTHERN WISCONSIN: 37-year-old, 5'-10", 195#, hairy, would like to meet 50+, masculine type for weekends and possible relationship. Write: **THUMPER**

(12/93) WISCONSIN/MIDWEST/NATIONWIDE: Monogamous couple: Mark, 34 (a former CR model), and his life partner, David, 54, are looking for friends and other couples to socialize with. We enjoy movies, car racing, and entertaining at home. Let us hear from you. Write: **SPEEDRACER & MARK**

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95.)

(12/93) VANCOUVER: 70, 6'-2", 185#, grey hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travel, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, #281, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver, V6G 3B7, CANADA

(12/93) GERMANY: Healthy young man, 49, 6 ft., 215#, seeking elderly, dominant Daddy to welcome in his big flat in Bavarian countryside for friendship and more. Love nature, arts, music, reading. Write: H.W. Bernt, Hinterschnaitt 1, 83317 Teisendorf, GERMANY. Tel: 08 666 8615.

(4/94) SWITZERLAND: GWM, attractive 39-year-old top and chaser. Six feet, 182#, 7-1/2", Greek active and French passive, looking for Big Bottom Bears, any age, size, race. No S & M. Exchange correspondence and possible visits. Interests: sex, videos, opera, music, theater and movies. Write to: Pierre Gagneux, P.O. Box 28, 1822 Chernex/Montreux, SWITZERLAND.

(2/94) AUSTRIA: Austrian, 62, 6'-3", 220#, seeks mature, active friends, any race. Will host visitors at my place. Visiting the States end of the year. Write: Bergwelt, Postlagernd, A-4605 Wels, AUSTRIA.

(12/93) AUSTRALIA: 60, 5'-6", 146#, fair/hazel, smooth body, seeks husky hairy Daddy Bear type. Love to cuddle and obey big bears. Nonsmoker. Drug free. Write: John, 1 Vicars Street, Hawthorn, Victoria 3122, AUSTRALIA.

*[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. We recommend that you do not include photos in your initial correspondence to models or advertisers who do not ask for them. If you have sent **solicited** photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. If you still don't receive your photos within a reasonable time, contact us and we will intervene. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else.]*

CLASSIFIED COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

(NOTE: ALL ADVERTISERS IN THIS SECTION ARE SUBSCRIBERS TO CR AND HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.)

ARTWORK

THE BODY MALE by DICK II. Fine art drawings and paintings. Home studio in Los Angeles. Call (818) 964-8121 for details. (8/94)

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID - Original artwork for sale to benefit AIDS projects. Inquiries Box 70025, Houston, TX 77270-0025. (8/94)

UNUSUAL ARTWORK - original paintings of nude men of color and Bigmen. Write: KEMUSH c/o CR. (8/94)

PUBLICATIONS

(8/94) Turned off by washboard stomach, bubble-butt fiction posing as the real thing? If down-to-earth truth turns you on, send for this little amateur magazine of true male sex experiences from correspondents around the world. $3.00 each, Nos. 1 and 2. RANCH, P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064-4871. State that you are over 21. Cash okay.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

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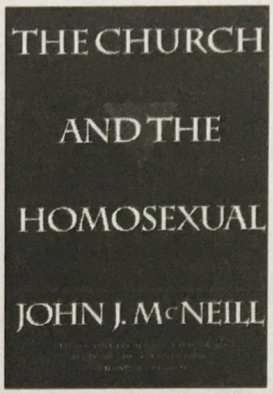

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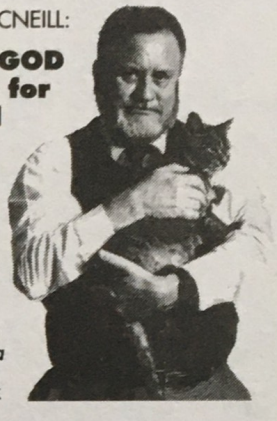

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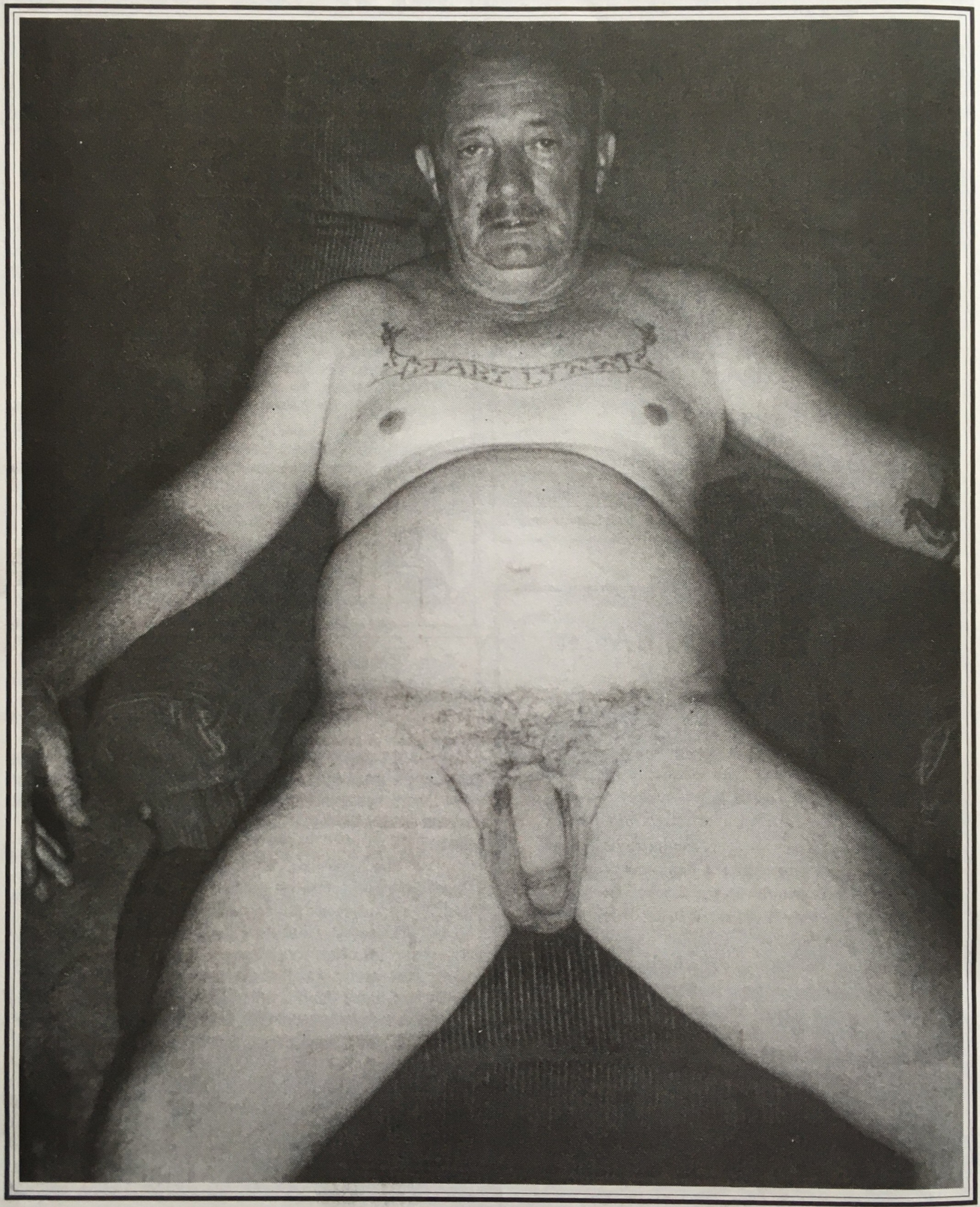

James L. Hawkins
1993

FIRST LOVE

BY PETER STABILE

I went home again to a block reunion organized by people who lived on the street where I grew up in the South Bronx. In the late 40s and early 50s, it was a different place than it is now. It was almost rural, with gardens in empty lots, fig trees, tomato plants, block parties, kids hanging out on stoops, and people walking the streets day or night without fear of losing their lives. The houses on the block, mostly four-family brick structures, were owned by a tight-knit group of either Italian or Jewish immigrants, who had saved their pennies to buy their piece of the American dream.

Growing up on that block was not a happy time for me. In fact, I couldn't wait until I was old enough to leave. So I had mixed feelings about attending the reunion, about leaving L.A. for the frigid New York winter. At first, I decided not to go. But my lover kept badgering me to attend, to conquer whatever it was I feared about the reunion. And what I feared wasn't all that mysterious; it was seeing Anthony, my first love, again.

The reunion was held in a wood-paneled room in an Italian restaurant in Westchester County. (No one who I grew up with lived in the South Bronx any more.) When I got there, I was confronted by a roomful of people whom I had known as a kid but who now, thirty years later, looked like our parents looked when I was growing up. Memories began to seep out from where I had kept them sealed, memories that had often troubled me.

The strongest memory, perhaps the fondest and most painful, was that of Anthony. He and I had fooled around as kids. It started when we were fourteen and ended when I left home at eighteen. I don't know how it started, and I don't have a memory of what we did together. I blocked that out, but I do know we did something that involved nakedness and secrecy, and I remember being excited and eager to do whatever it was we did. I also remember initiating our encounters. That was odd for me back then because, as a kid, I was not aggressive.

At the reunion, this guy stood out, mainly because of his blond hair. It was unnatural and shined. We looked at each other, and that's when I realized that it was Anthony. He didn't look the way I remembered him. He was heavy, but not fat, and his hair was shoulder length. He was prosperous, but a little flashy, like a character from "Goodfellas." After we recognized each other, we shook hands, and he introduced me to his new wife. I had heard that he and his high school sweetheart had had a bitter divorce five years ago. This wife was half his age. There was an irony here because my lover is half my age. We chatted, but the conversation was awkward. Then we separated to talk with other people.

When I was growing up, Anthony was one of the stars of the block, the unofficial leader of the kids in our age group. He always had a girlfriend. In fact, his first wife was a girl he went steady with in high school. He was good looking, did well in sports, and had a personality that drew people to him. He was confident and knew what he wanted when he grew up--to make a lot of money.

I, on the other hand, didn't consider myself good looking, didn't like sports, kept to myself, and didn't know what I wanted. In fact, during my teens, I was certain that I'd be dead before I reached twenty.

I don't think Anthony was gay. What I think happened between us is that he liked being the center of attention, the object of my desire. I don't remember him resisting what we did: he seemed to like it. But I think his primary orientation was toward women. Anyway, that's what I keep telling myself.

Whatever his motivation, we did have something special going on. We enjoyed being together and sharing fun and intimate times. I didn't know then, but I was in love with Anthony. He, however, was not in love with me.

In those days, I avidly read movie magazines and kept a secret scrapbook of male movie stars. They were either bare-chested or in bathing suits, and I masturbated to their images. I was especially turned on by Marlon Brando in "The Wild One" and "A Streetcar Named Desire."

One day, while I was masturbating, the truth hit me. I knew the other guys on my block jerked off to images of women. So masturbating to images of men, I realized, made me--I stammered the only two words I knew for gay back then--a queer, a faggot!

In the fifties, gay people didn't inhabit my world. All I knew was what I heard from people on the block or what I witnessed on Forty-second Street or in Greenwich Village, and I wasn't comfortable with what I saw. It was not how I wanted to live my life. I saw transvestites whom everyone ridiculed and pitied; I saw Liberace whom everyone snickered at. Then there was Christine Jorgenson, the first man to have a sex change. She was always on TV or in the newspapers. I thought of her, erroneously, as being gay, and said to myself that she had done what I thought every gay man wanted: to become a woman.

I also heard stories from kids on the block

who had run-ins with queers. One time, three guys had gone to a Forty-second Street movie theater, and a man sat next to them and began to move his hand to the crotch of one of the kids. The three guys then crushed their cigarettes out on his hand. The man ran out of the theater screaming, and the three kids laughed their heads off, thinking it was the funniest thing that they had ever done. They kept referring to his as "that fucking pervert queer."

After my realization, I was afraid of evincing any tell-tale signs of sissydom, which was ridiculed on the block. I also didn't smoke because I was told I held my cigarette like a girl, a sissy.

I had the revelation that I was gay while Anthony and I were fooling around, but I never talked with him about it. Until then, I didn't think what we did was queer. I thought it was natural, something that was not approved of but that just happened. I also knew that what we were doing excited me, and I knew that it was something that I wanted to continue doing.

I kept my thoughts and feelings bottled up and slowly began to despair. When Anthony and the other guys talked about their futures, their wives, babies and careers, I knew in my heart that what they wanted wasn't possible for me. One, I was queer, and two, I wanted Anthony, and I could have him only in secret. Therefore, I couldn't expect what they expected and began to see no future for myself.

Then I found the public library, and things were better for a brief time. The library was a warm, secure place where I could escape. I began to read Steinbeck, Hemingway and Fitzgerald. They showed me worlds beyond my neighborhood, but their worlds rarely included gay people. And if they did, they were usually evil or weak characters. I was starved for books about people who felt like me, but I was too embarrassed to ask Mrs. Rosen, the librarian, to recommend some. She did, however, lead me to the *New York Times* Book Reviews, and that is where I learned there were a number of successful, openly gay writers who lived a subway ride away from me in New York City.

Three writers interested me the most: Tennessee Williams, Truman Capote and James Baldwin. I soon discovered all their books. I thought they were all terrific writers with lucid, poetic styles that thrilled me. They also became my first positive gay role models. This gave me a sense of future and made me believe that I too could make it beyond twenty, make something of my life, maybe even become a writer like they were.

Tennessee Williams appealed to me most. But the more deeply I delved into his plays, the more depressing and hopeless his characters became, especially his gay characters. In his three most popular plays, he created gay characters who never appeared on stage (they all died before the play began) but were all pivotal to the stories. In *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Blanche DuBois recalls the boy she married in her youth. Shortly after the marriage, she saw the boy and an older man together: they were making love. She tells the boy that he disgusts her. He runs off and kills himself, and she is haunted by this. In *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Brick is drinking himself into oblivion because his best friend Skipper phoned him to declare his love. Brick, disgusted and fearful that he may also be in love with his friend, hangs up on him. Skipper then drinks himself to death. In *Suddenly Last Summer*, Sebastian Venerable, while cruising an isolated beach, is cannibalized by packs of young boys.

Williams' gay characters began to drive me back into despair. They reconfirmed my sense of hopelessness, my feelings that I did not have a future and that I would die young.

I also began to identify with the loneliness and isolation of Williams' eccentric female characters like Blanche DuBois. But there was one other character that affected me even more: Alma Winemiller in *Summer and Smoke*. She was desperately in love with a man she could never have: the handsome doctor who lived next door. At the end of the play, he winds up marrying a younger woman, Alma's ex-student. Alma, in despair, lets herself be picked up by a traveling salesman. It is implied that he is the first of many. I felt as if I were Alma, and her relationship with the doctor was a reflection of my relationship with Anthony.

I was a senior in high school when I realized all this and decided that after graduation I would leave the block and move to Los Angeles. I told Anthony about my plans, and he said he wanted to come along, even though he had a girlfriend and a job lined up after graduation. His decision excited me. Maybe this would develop into something, some kind of marriage. I also thought that maybe the despair I was wallowing in was ill-founded.

My plan was to visit New Orleans, first, to find a job, and live in the French Quarter for awhile. That's where Tennessee Williams had written some of his early plays, and even though he helped contribute to my despair, he was my idol. I wanted to see where he lived and what inspired him.

As the trip approached, Anthony said there was another guy from the block who wanted to come along. His name was Stanley. He was two years older than we were, in college, and had his own car. Because of his car, Anthony said, the trip would be cheaper, and all we'd have to pay for was the gas. I didn't like Stanley and felt uncomfortable about him. Later, I realized the reason Anthony wanted Stanley along was because he was afraid of being alone with me.

The three of us shared a room in the French Quarter. During the day, we'd go sightseeing, but all Stanley wanted to do at night was pick up girls. Anthony seemed to want the same thing. So we spent our nights hanging out in bars. When Stanley's two weeks were up, Anthony said that he needed more money and would return to New York with Stanley. He said he would come back to New Orleans in three weeks. I told him to get a job in New Orleans as I was going to do. He said that he could make more money working for his uncle. It was drizzling the day they left, and I can still see Stanley's Chevy driving away, reflected on the slick streets of the French Quarter.

Three weeks passed. I didn't hear from Anthony. I sent him letters, but he didn't write back. After a month I phoned him. He told me what I had guessed: he wasn't coming back to New Orleans. Then he told me that he was getting married. I asked him why didn't he tell me that before the trip. He said he didn't know for sure then, but now he knew. I hung up the phone, devastated. What I had been fearing had come true. I was now alone in a strange city and would soon wind up like one of Tennessee Williams' doomed characters, dying a horrible death.

At the reunion, I looked across the room at Anthony. I had survived. I hadn't become a doomed Tennessee Williams character. And over the years, I had found other, more positive role models. (I still thought that Tennessee Williams was a terrific writer though.) And what's more, I had built a life that I wanted for myself, found true love and was happy. I didn't know what Anthony had made of his life. Most of what I knew about was his unnaturally colored hair, and an insecure, tentative attitude toward his young wife.

At one point during the reunion, some guys from the block were gathered in a half-circle around Anthony and his wife. She, who was probably young enough to be their daughter, was the center of attention. Anthony said something to her, and she snapped at him. The guys laughed, saying they knew who the boss was in that family. Anthony also laughed but seemed embarrassed, lost. It was at that moment that I realized that he was not comfortable with who he had become, and perhaps didn't even know who he was.

At the end of the evening, when Anthony and I said goodbye, he winked and held my hand a little too long when shaking it. He was still playing games with me. I said goodbye, silently called him a creep and was secretly happy for the first time that he had not returned to New Orleans.

PETER STABILE is a free-lance writer and teacher living in the Los Angeles area.

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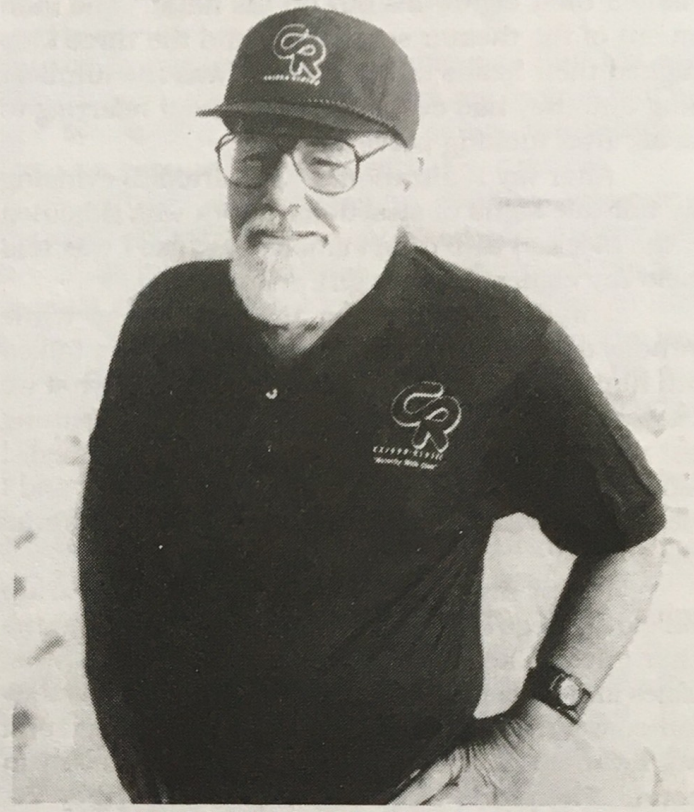

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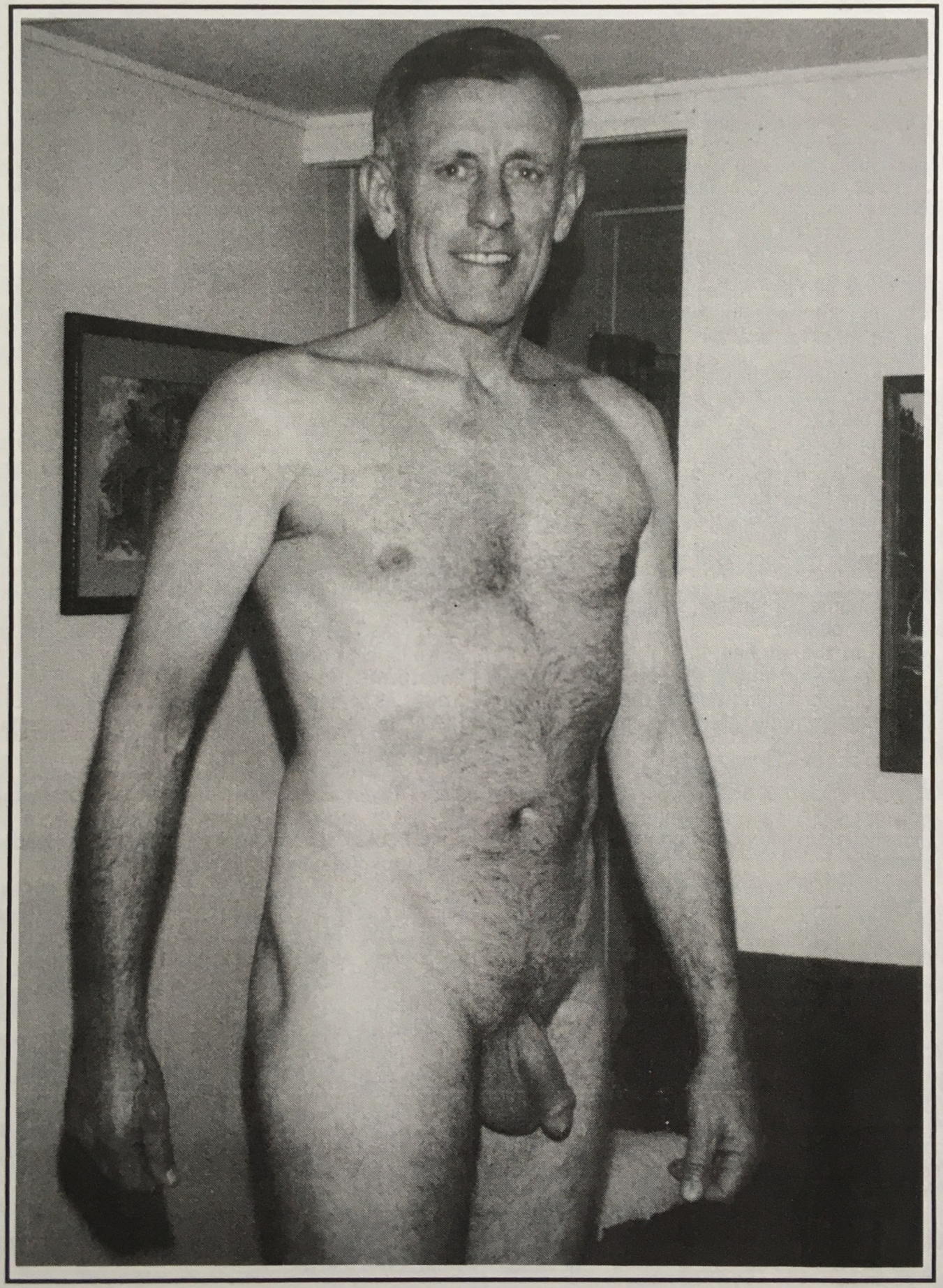


FICTION

COMING HOME

BY ROBIN

Taylor popped open the condo door with his key, walked through the opening, and quickly punched the code to disarm the security system. A brown fur ball leaped from the couch and ran over to greet him.

"Hello, puppy," he said as he entered and dropped over the couch with a sigh. Katie hopped up next to him and rolled over on her back, exposing her belly for him to rub. He chuckled as he rubbed and her legs kicked with the same rhythm as that of his strokes.

"Hope your day was better than mine," he grumbled.

He knew Jim would be home soon and wanting to cook dinner, so he cut the greeting ritual short and headed for the kitchen to clean up after yesterday's late night gathering. The lhasa apso followed him into the kitchen and did her best "I'm-a-poor-starving-dog" routine as he filled the dishwasher. He tossed a milk bone into the dining room to keep her out from under his feet as he worked.

He heard the door open as he was finishing the dishes.

"I'm home," a familiar, friendly voice called. "Where's my buddy?"

"I'm in the kitchen, J."

Taylor peered around the corner into the hall. Jim was there scratching behind the ears of their little dog. She promptly rolled over onto her back to have her belly rubbed.

"Oh, Kate," Jim muttered, "if a robber broke in here, you'd stick that belly of your's out for him to rub, wouldn't ya?" Katie responded by kicking her leg furiously as Jim's large, rough hand passed over her underside.

A big man at an even six feet and 230 pounds, he was dressed in his work uniform--navy pants and a light-blue, button-down shirt with "Ashland Oil Refinery - Jim" stitched in curious cursive above the pocket. The top button was undone, and Taylor could see a tuft of black and white chest hair in the V of his neck. The shirt, Jim's favorite, was old and too small for him. His moderately sized belly pressed against the seams and threatened to pop off the bottom buttons when he bent over. He was wearing the red suspenders Taylor had given him for Christmas. One had come undone and hung loose over his shoulder. His sparse grey-black hair was pressed flat against his head from his hard hat, and Taylor noticed a nasty looking scuff on his bald spot. He stood in the hall looking pitiable and thoroughly gorgeous.

"What did you do to the top of your head?" Taylor asked as he entered the hall. The two men met and embraced. Taylor, who was much smaller than Jim at 5'9" and 155 pounds, was completely enveloped by his lover. Once, just after he'd been mugged and Jim was trying to calm him, Taylor had said he felt safe from the world when Jim wrapped his arms completely around him. Jim had hugged him that way ever since.

"Two welders were in my unit today fixing a busted pipe flange," Jim answered, relaxing his grasp. "I was showing them what I wanted done when one of them, up on the scaffold, accidently kicked his wrench down. It didn't draw blood or anything."

"Weren't you wearing your hard hat?"

"I did for the rest of the day."

"I'm sure you did. Since you're so hard-headed that you refuse to wear the damn thing, maybe you really don't need it," Taylor joked as he gently pulled Jim's head down and kissed the wound.

"Yes, dear," Jim said with mock sarcasm and a smile. He turned and headed up the stairs. "I'm gonna go get cleaned up so I can start dinner."

As Taylor finished setting the table, Jim came down looking fresh and clean in a white t-shirt and sweatpants. He went over to the CD rack and selected a disk. As he tied a white apron decorated with "CHIEF CHEF" in red, block letters, the stern sounds of Prokofiev came out of the stereo.

"Jim, do we have to listen to that crazy Russian?" Taylor asked from his seat at the kitchen table. He was trying to pay some bills and balance their checkbooks. "I don't know if I have the patience for both Prokofiev and bills this evening."

"No, I guess we don't," answered Jim as he pulled a bag of potatoes from the cupboard and began peeling them in the sink. Taylor got up and clicked off the stereo. As he passed the table on the way back to his seat, his elbow hit a bag of coffee beans. They tumbled off, and the bag burst on the floor. Beans sprayed all over the kitchen. "God damnit!"

Katie ambled into the kitchen, lapped up a coffee bean and crunched it in her mouth. Then she headed for another.

"Katie, you silly mutt. Bug off." Taylor tapped her on the rear. She charged out of the kitchen with her tail between her legs and ducked under the dining room table.

"Taylor, what's the matter?"

"I just spilled coffee all over the floor, that's what's the matter."

"I can see that. I mean what's wrong?"

He sighed. "It's Danny boy. That man really knows how to push my buttons." Danny boy was the nickname Taylor used for the man who owned the gas station where he worked. His real name was Daniel Foggy, and he was a complete tyrant who whined over anything not going his way. That's why Taylor had taken to calling him Danny Boy "in appreciation of his childishness."

"Why do you let him get to you? You know he's just doing it to get a rise out of you."

"Today he said that he thought anyone under the age of thirty-five shouldn't be allowed to vote unless they could prove they have adequate *economic understanding*. Who the hell does he think he is? I wonder what he would've thought of this gem of an idea when *he* was twenty-eight. He's so egocentric he can't see beyond his own nose. He can't even relate to his past self, let alone someone else."

"He's made far worse comments in the past."

"He also asked me why I was working at a Super America as a cashier if I had a college degree. He said if he'd had a college degree when he was young he would've been the governor of the state by now." Taylor changed to his best whiney Foggy impersonation. *"People like you are simply content to let opportunity slip through your fingers. You're too damn lazy to work hard for what you want. In my day, people pulled themselves up by their own bootstraps. If you were willing to work as hard as I did, you could have the world."*

"Slow down a bit here ..." Jim put down the potatoes and sat at the table across from Taylor. "He doesn't realize that the myth of `work hard and you can have what you want' no longer applies to today's world."

"But if you don't work hard, you'll certainly fail, right?" asked Taylor.

"That's not the point. The point is that failure isn't always due to laziness. Hard work doesn't guarantee success, and telling people that all they have to do is work hard and they'll succeed is bull shit. It's a promise that can't be kept. It makes people blame themselves if they find that opportunities are limited. People his age just don't understand the way things are today." Jim paused and studied Taylor's hurt expression. "I'm his age, Taylor, and I think I have a pretty good grasp of the world. Foggy's a nut, but he's right in one respect. Nobody will hand you the good life on a silver platter. Take that friend of yours, Aaron. He's been out of school for two years and hasn't had a job. What does he expect? You gotta start somewhere."

Taylor's voice rose in volume. "Hey, if I had rich parents who said, `We'll pay for your life until you find a job that's worth taking,' I wouldn't have a job either. I agree you have to start somewhere, but what's the point of starting nowhere. Why work at McDonald's or any other Mcjob if you don't have to? It's not like there are tons of opportunities for advancement. Even if there were, where would you advance to? You're just pissed because Aaron doesn't approve of our relationship."

"Hang on here, I haven't said anything about that. Tone it down, Taylor, you're making me mad."

"I'm making *you* mad? I expected some support from you about this. I certainly didn't expect you to side with fucking Danny Boy." Taylor got up, slammed his chair back underneath the table, grabbed his coat, and headed for the door.

"Taylor!" he heard Jim call as he slammed the door. He was too mad to care and ran out into the dark, empty street. He was so angry his mind felt disconnected from his body. His thoughts raced from his boss to his lover as he sped aimlessly sped down the street. He felt like he was on automatic pilot as his body jogged right and headed for the river. The only sounds he could hear were the street lights buzzing overhead and his feet slapping on the pavement.

He cut across East River Road and started down the steep, forested embankment that led to the river. Half walking and half sliding, he made his way to a flat ridge that jutted out from the slope. He flopped down onto a pile of dead leaves and pine needles and tried to catch his breath. His hot face throbbed as his heart pounded.

The night was cool and quiet. It was quite a contrast to the heat and noise of their argument. Taylor started to relax as his breathing and heart slowed. The crisp, late fall air drew the heat away from his face but did not penetrate the thick down of his jacket. He closed his eyes and tried to tie down his racing thoughts.

"God *damn*, I don't know why I try. We're just too different. He just can't, or won't see my perspective," Taylor thought as he clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. "He's always got to bring up Aaron. It totally bugs him that Aaron's parents are supporting him till he gets on his feet. He's just jealous."

Taylor knew it was probably true. Jim's parents hadn't supported him after the age of fourteen. He'd had to quit school at tenth grade because they wanted him to pay rent to live in their house. By age seventeen, his father had left the family, and Jim was forced to lie about his age to join the Navy so he could send paychecks home to support his mother and sister.

Jim was always telling Taylor, "In my day, if you didn't work, you starved. Was no good gettin' depressed about it either. That only made you hungry and more depressed." Jim's main yardstick for measuring people was how hard they worked.

Jim respected Taylor, who had made his own way through college, taking every other quarter off to

work. This, in spite of having well-off parents who were unwilling to help him financially. As a result, it had taken him seven years, but he'd made it. Now the only job he could find was one he could have had without the degree. Taylor was very disappointed, and the subject of his career was a sensitive one.

"Sometimes I swear he reminds me of my father," Taylor said aloud, breaking the silence of the rapidly cooling evening. He knew it wasn't true though. His father was about the hardest, least-sensitive person he'd ever known and about as stingy as they come. The man was a bank president and fit the unfortunate stereotype to a tee.

When Taylor was still very young, his father would pay him to mow the lawn then demand it back to pay for gas, oil and repairs on the mower. He wanted his son to learn to be "fiscally responsible." As punishment, he would force Taylor to fight him with boxing gloves. He'd pummel the boy to tears then claim himself the victor, so determined he was to make a man of his son.

Taylor's parents had refused to help him through college. He wanted to major in landscape architecture, not engineering or economics, but his father said he was not going to pay for a "fag degree." His mother agreed, so when Taylor graduated, his parents didn't even attend the commencement ceremony.

Taylor fondly remembered what Jim did that day he graduated. He showed up in a black tuxedo with tails, a red cumberbund, and a red bow tie. The bald spot on his head was covered by a black top hat, and he walked with a white-topped, black cane. Taylor had always wanted to see him in a tux, but Jim had refused. He said he would look silly. Taylor took one look at his handsome, smiling lover, and the hurt over his absent parents vanished. All the family he needed was present. The memory of that day brought a smile to his face in spite of their argument.

Jim and Taylor lived less that a block from the Mississippi River, near the University of Minnesota campus. When they rented the place, Taylor hadn't yet finished his degree. The location was perfect because Taylor could simply walk to school. An added bonus was its proximity to the river. They'd spent many evenings walking down the parkway along the east bank. It was a heavily wooded area, and, if one could ignore the noise of nearby freeway traffic, one could almost imagine himself far from the city's bustle. Taylor was trying now to do just that.

He realized that the area reminded him of the small copse of trees that had sheltered him and Jim during their first Christmas together. Neither of their families had extended an invitation that included them both, although they were out to everyone on both sides. So they decided to spend Christmas together at the Grand Canyon. On a twisting, snow-covered road just south of the Canyon, Jim's van had swerved out of control, and they flew off the road into a tuft of four pine trees. Both of them were unhurt, but the van was thoroughly stuck.

The night outside was beautiful. There was no moon, and they could see a multitude of bright stars. The crisp air froze Jim's breath, and Taylor thought it looked like Jim was breathing out clouds that raced across his view of the sky. They could hear the wind whispering through the trees and the snow crunching under their feet. The area was empty of any signs of civilization except for the icy road; way off in the distance a lone mercury lamp was shining clearly through the cold, dry air.

Jim thought they might be able to free the van but after about an hour of shoveling and pushing, they gave up and retired to the comfort of the inside. Jim said someone would surely come by in the morning and see them. He took sleeping bags and wool blankets from a wooden chest, and made a comfortable bed for the two of them. He opened a can of Sterno and made coffee to help them keep warm.

Taylor found an old bag of marshmallows under the seat, and they roasted them. As it grew colder, they held each other tightly for warmth as Taylor sang Christmas songs and told wintry stories of snowmobiling and ice fishing and huddling next to the wood-burning stove at his parents' cabin in the north woods. They were in the middle of nowhere, and neither man could remember a less isolated Christmas Eve.

Taylor sat up and stretched. The jaunt through his memories and the chill in the air had taken the edge off his anger. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was late. Both he and Jim had arrived home from work later than usual: Jim, because of working overtime; Taylor, because he had been so upset with Danny Boy. Realizing he'd been gone over an hour, he scrambled up the slope and headed for the house.

He regretted shouting at Jim and venting on him the anger about his career situation and Danny Boy's chiding. He knew that Jim was especially sensitive about displaced anger being taken out on him because of his own father. Jim described his dad as "your basic alcoholic, gambling loser." He would come home from work, the bar, or a card game and use Jim as a stress release. Jim would never go into much detail about what had happened, but Taylor knew from the look on his face that it must have been violent. Every once in a while, Taylor would awaken in the middle of the night and hear Jim crying . . . even sobbing. He would roll over and hold him, and Jim would mutter things like, "That bastard, that son-of-a-bitch," as Taylor wiped the tears from his cheeks. These were the only times Taylor had seen Jim cry during their five years together.

Taylor never pressed Jim to talk about what had happened, because Jim would just retreat into himself. He'd say things like, "He only stayed around while I was young enough to be interesting," which made Taylor wonder if the abuse had been sexual. It certainly wouldn't have surprised him if it had been.

Taylor now felt pangs of guilt for flapping his big mouth. He stepped lightly up the front steps and quietly opened the door, hoping Jim wouldn't hear him. He wanted to buy enough time to warm up and think of a good apology.

The door creaked, and Katie gave a couple of quick yaps from the kitchen. Judging from the fact that she didn't charge out to greet him, Taylor knew Jim was in the kitchen.

"Is that you, T?" Jim called from the kitchen.

"Yeah," Taylor answered, feeling awkward.

"How was the river tonight?"

"It was fine, I guess," answered Taylor, marveling at how well Jim knew him. "It's getting cold out. I think winter'll be here soon." Taylor stalled as he tried to think of how to phrase what he had to say.

"You'll never guess what I made for dinner." Just as Jim said this, the warm aroma of Taylor's favorite beef stew entered his nostrils.

That little shit, Taylor thought as he took off his shoes and slowly entered the kitchen. *He would make my favorite dinner the night I am totally rude to him.*

"I'm really sorry," Taylor said as he entered the kitchen and wrapped his arms around Jim from behind. Jim was facing the counter and spreading garlic butter on a loaf of french bread. "I was mad at Danny Boy, and I bitched at you because you were available, and he wasn't."

"Yep," Jim said in a smug sort of "you're damn right you did" tone of voice as he sliced the bread.

"I shouldn't have yelled at you because I know you hate that kind of thing."

"Yep."

"And now you totally forgive me, and we can have dinner," Taylor said in a hopeful, mostly joking tone.

"Nope."

"Hmm . . . well, it was worth a shot. I thought your needle was stuck on `yep'."

"Taylor, you know I'd support you in any disagreement with Danny Boy. You're my lover, and that's the bottom line. I didn't mean anything nasty by what I said."

"I know you didn't. I was just on the edge. I was pissed in the first place, and then that damn coffee spilling on the floor was the straw that broke the camel's back. It's just frustrating listening to people like him tell me I'm lazy or stupid because I can't find a job."

Jim turned and Taylor put his head on his lover's chest. "You know that I think you're a capable, smart, hard-working guy," Jim said. "You just need to keep at it. That's all I was sayin'."

"I know. I just lose sight of things like that in moments of frustration. What can I do to make it up to you?"

Jim smiled wryly. "You could spend the evening with me listening to Prokofiev while we watch a John Wayne movie without the sound." He picked two men he enjoyed in spite of the fact that Taylor thought the world could have done well without either.

"I have a better idea," answered Taylor, picking up on the game. "We could break out the old Atari video game and play 'Space Invaders' while we blast my `Queen's Greatest Hits' CD."

Jim groaned. He had absolutely no interest in any sort of computer-related activity. "You could rub my feet as I smoke a cigar and listen to my `Patsy Cline's Greatest Hits' CD."

Taylor shivered as though the thought sent chills down his spine. He hated cigar smoke. "We could dress you up in that tux you wore to my graduation and have a photo session so you can have pictures to show your buddies at work."

"Yeah, and we can write on back that it's a picture of me wearing what I wore to the graduation ceremony of my male lover who is thirty years younger than me. That would go over so well." Jim smiled as he opened the oven and slid the bread inside.

"Or, we could ..." Taylor trailed off as he winked and pointed upstairs where their bedroom was.

"We could ..." Jim pulled Taylor close. The two men stood pressing their bodies together and staring into one another's eyes. Slowly, Jim began to kiss Taylor's cheeks. He rubbed his rough face on the soft skin of Taylor's neck, sending real chills down his spine. Taylor put his hands behind Jim and untied his `CHIEF CHEF' apron, letting it drop to the floor.

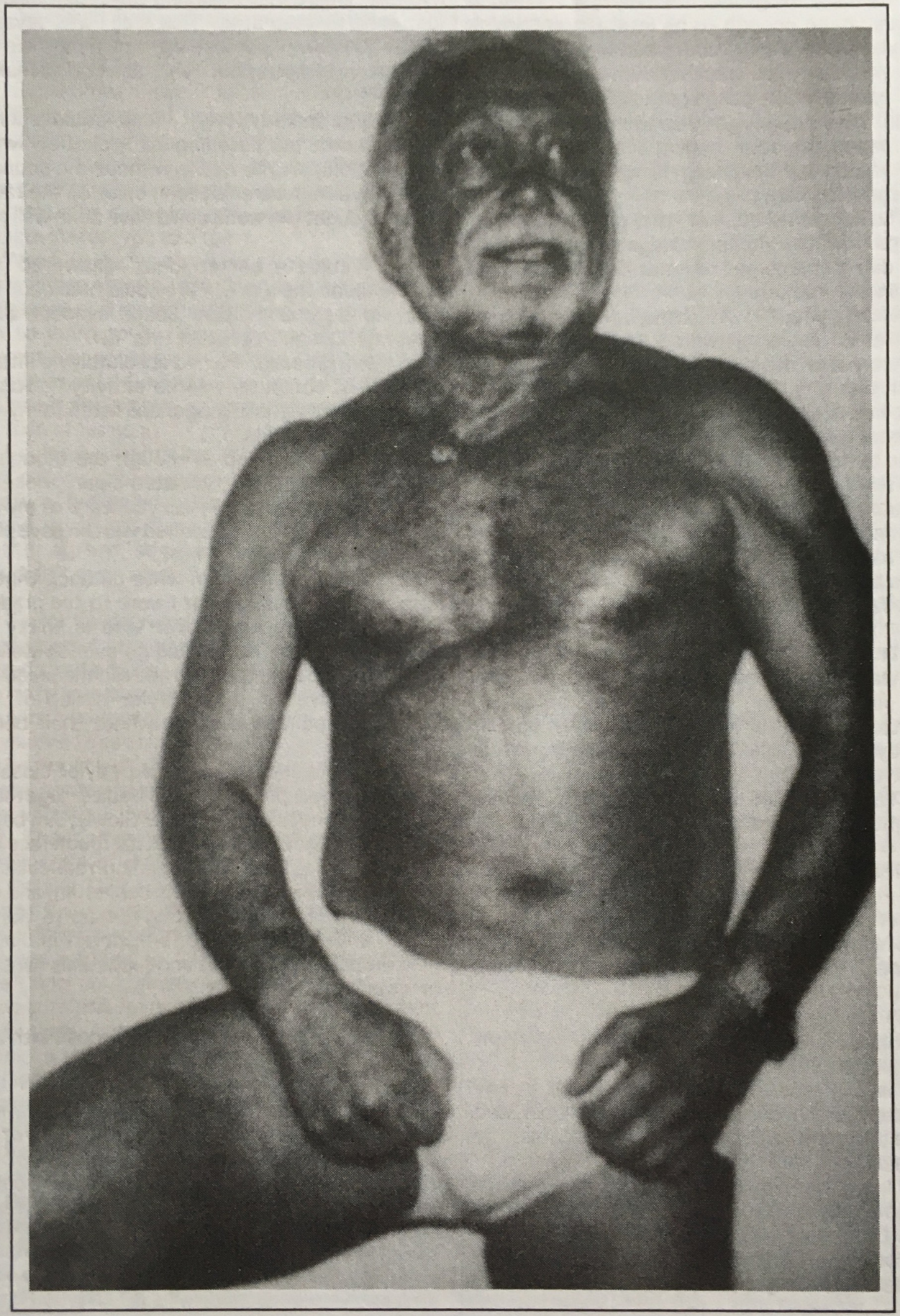
"I love you," Taylor whispered in Jim's ear as he untucked the T-shirt and rubbed his hands over his lover's furry chest.

Later, they had burnt garlic toast with a dried out dinner.

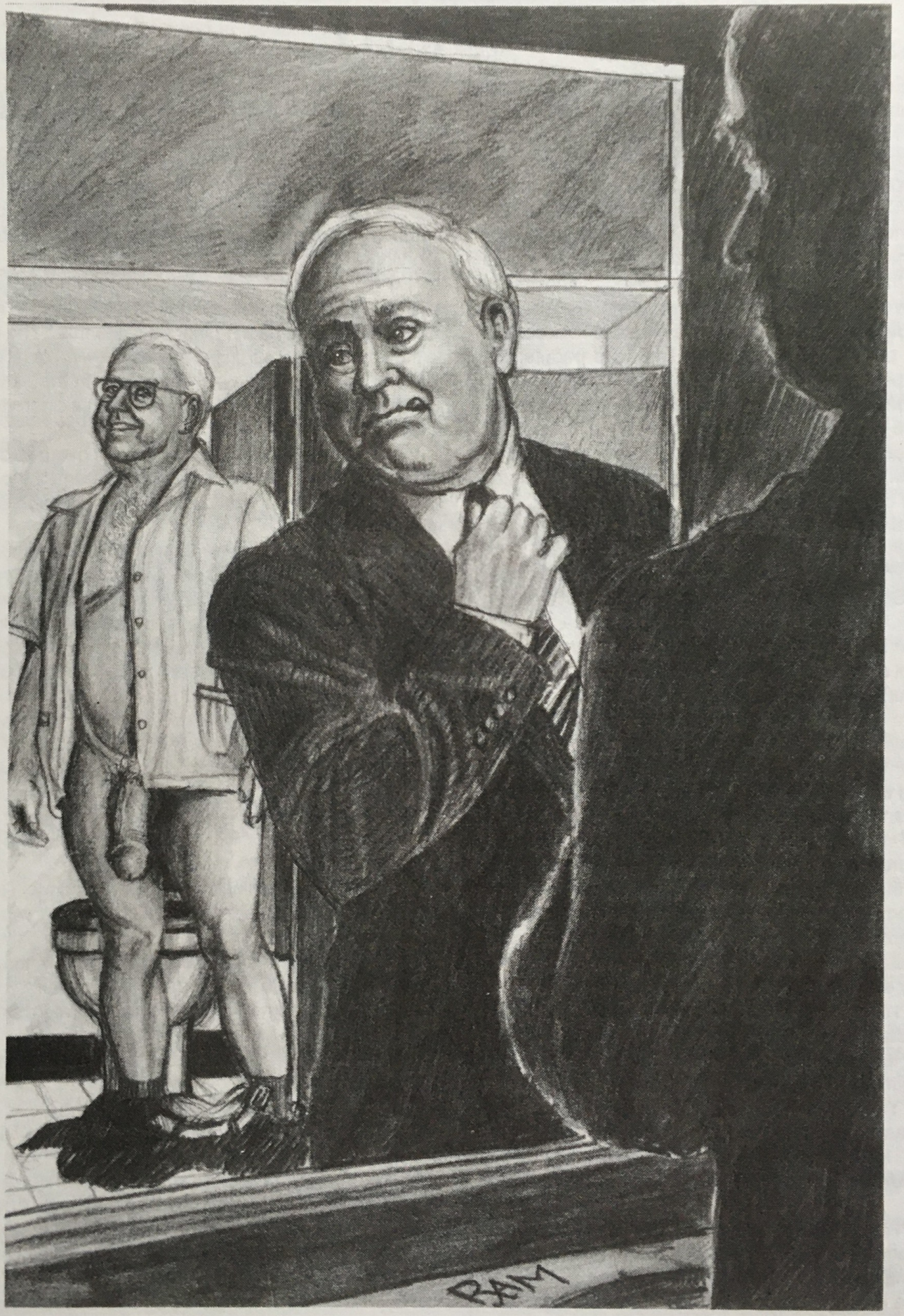
ROBIN, 23, is a recent college grad who lives in Minneapolis with his 53-year-old lover of three years. He started medical school the fall of 1993. Both ROBIN and his mate would like to hear from other intergenerational couples for friendship and sharing common experiences.

LEN

photo by KEVIN



THE ARTWORK OF RAM



MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL . . . JACK'S GONNA HAVE THAT, BALLS AND ALL

FICTION

RENDEZVOUS

BY HERB KELLY

Even though James had been watching the door for half an hour, he knew it was too early for Glen to appear. He had said he would meet James at five-thirty, and it was only a few minutes after five. He sat back in his booth, sipping his cocktail, waiting for the time to pass.

Although they had known each other only a short time, James was conscious that he had spent a great deal of that time waiting. He didn't mind. Love was a strange emotion that made a person do many things. And James was in love; he guessed he had been at first sight of Glen.

James thought of their first meeting, the Jackson Cocktail party. The noise of glasses and people; the odors of perfume and smoke. He hadn't wanted to attend, but business commitments had demanded his presence. And there Glen was! James remembered the Armani suit, the glint of his blond hair, the sparkle of the eyes. Neither had known anyone there except the host, so it was natural that they clung to each other after the introduction. How wonderful it was to discover that they both were gay. The old adage still held true: it takes one to know one!

That had been a month ago, and now they were in love. Glen was "married," and although he never talked about it, James knew his lover was a great deal older. They had been together a long time but had grown apart for lack of common interests. James decided that he must make it up to Glen when they finally got together. He'd show him what a beautiful thing it was to love. He'd ask him today to leave his lover and move in.

Five o'clock! God, but the time went slowly when you were waiting for your very life to begin! He finished his cocktail and glanced about the room to occupy the time.

Presently, his eyes turned back toward the door just in time to see another man entering the bar. He felt relieved that he was not the only representative of his sex in the room. It had been Glen's idea to meet him here. He would hardly have chosen a cocktail lounge for so important a meeting, but Glen had laughed at his bid for more romantic surroundings.

"I beg your pardon, but aren't you James Lindsey?"

James was startled to hear a voice that wasn't Glen's. He looked up to find the man who had just entered standing in front of him.

"Yes." He smiled amiably. "I'm afraid you startled me. I was expecting someone else."

"I know," the man said. "May I sit down?" Without waiting for James' reply, he seated himself across the table.

"I don't believe I know you, do I?" James frowned in puzzlement as he tried to place the tanned face, the graying hair, the noble bearing. He watched as the man opened a platinum case and offered James a cigarette.

"No," said the man as he lit James' cigarette, "but I think you should." His dark eyes met James' with a firm gaze. "I'm Glen's lover, Ralph."

The shock hit James from the floor. The man's tone had been so casual. He stared at the smiling face.

"I hope I didn't shock you." The man blew out a column of smoke that hung gently in the air before dissolving.

"No, of course not," said James, trying to steady his voice. He'd known that one day he would have to meet Glen's lover, but he hadn't planned it like this. The man had the advantage of surprise. James knew he must calm himself or he'd be hopelessly outclassed in the battle of wits he was sure was coming. He puffed his cigarette for courage.

"I believe you're expecting Glen. I overheard him on the phone when he made the appointment. I thought I'd come by earlier so we could talk and perhaps settle things by ourselves."

"Yes, yes, of course," James was nearly speechless. *Glen's lover! Perhaps it was just as well to get things settled. He probably hates scenes as much as I.* Before he could collect his thoughts again, Ralph was talking.

"I believe this is a situation that can be settled without violence, though I must admit I'm as embarrassed as you ... James. May I call you by your first name?"

"Please do." The man looked calm. James had had no idea Glen's lover would act or look this way. Of course, he had no explanation for it, but he had always pictured the man as a milquetoast, thin and meek. Instead, he was six feet if he was an inch, firmly built and immaculately dressed. His clothes, James could tell, were from the best men's fashion shops.

"I believe a martini is suitable at this time," Ralph said, as a waiter approached the table. "Won't you join me, James?"

"Thank you, I will." *Score two for him*, thought James. *I should have ordered the drinks myself.*

"Have you known Glen long?" Ralph smiled pleasantly at James as the waiter left.

"Yes and no," said James, trying to frame a more thorough sentence.

"I don't believe I understand."

"We met about a month ago, but I feel I've known him--"

"All your life," Ralph finished the sentence. It was obvious he was amused, but he tried not to show it by his expression or the tone of his voice. "Glen has always fascinated people that way. It's very strange, and I might add, a little disconcerting at times."

"I love Glen," James said rather abruptly. He

knew he had to win the vantage point from this man.

"I know, that, James." The smile didn't flicker. "That's why I came."

James paused. "You'll leave him?"

"You really want him to move in with you then?" The voice had the element of mock surprise.

James lips tightened. "I love him!" he repeated. He felt ridiculous that he could offer no further explanation. But then it was the first time his emotions had been challenged. *Damn him!* thought James. *Sitting there so calmly. I'd like to-- But no, I'll beat him at his own game.*

"Yes, of course, you've already told me that you love Glen, haven't you?"

At that moment, the drinks came. James was pleased with the few seconds of rest. *I lost the first round, but things will change soon.*

As the waiter left, Ralph caught him off guard again. "Have you talked all this over with Glen?" he asked, lifting his glass to his lips.

"No, but-- Well, I intended to mention it today." He wished he hadn't said that. Better to have let him think it was all set.

"Oh, I see." Ralph smiled again. "Do you think he'll agree."

"He's given me reason to think so." *There! That was a better answer!*

"In what way, may I ask?" The tone was rather firm, the eyes searched intently.

"Well, we seem to enjoy each other's company. We both like the same things." The answer was weak. James felt himself losing ground again.

"That's very important for a successful relationship, isn't it?" Ralph's fingers toyed with the stem of his glass. "You're rather young, aren't you, James?"

So that's his game! "I'm twenty-eight. Glen's age! I don't see that it makes any difference."

"No, it doesn't really. There are always more important things to be considered."

"Such as?" James' curiosity was aroused.

"Do you work for a living?"

What a strange question. "I have an excellent job with an advertising firm," he answered.

Ralph paused over his glass before speaking. "I don't believe you know Glen very well." The smile took on a faint trace of scorn.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean his likes and dislikes, his ... luxuries." The voice was calm again.

"Luxuries?"

"Yes, his clothes. His car. His condo. Take that coat he wears--"

"What about it?"

"Vicuna. Beautiful and ... very expensive."

"Glen isn't impressed by that."

"No?" The voice registered surprise. "My dear James, that's what comes of knowing Glen for so short a time. For you really don't know him at all. Those luxuries mean a great deal to him. Much more than you think. Much more than you or I mean to *him.* That's been one of the hardest blows I've had to face, James. I'd hate to think of your going through it too."

"What do you mean?"

"You told me you worked for an advertising firm. Do you know what Glen does for a living?"

"We've never discussed it."

"Ah, well. Let's just say that he--for want of a kinder, gentler word--relaxes. And he can afford to."

"We love each other!" James flared. Doubt was creeping in. The advantage had been lost for good. This was one argument he hadn't counted on, didn't know about, couldn't really fight. "We love each other!" Even to his own ears, his voice seemed weaker, doubtful.

"I'm afraid not. You want very much to think so, and perhaps Glen does too. But it wouldn't last. Glen's too accustomed to his way of life to give it up."

James tried vainly to protest.

"Oh, he'd be content for a while," Ralph went on, "but his passion for the expensive would always be your downfall. I-- I speak from experience, James."

James didn't reply, only sat there thinking. *Was it possible? Could Ralph be right?* He remembered moments they shared together. All the jewelry he admired in store windows. The clothes he spoke of buying. He remembered Glen mentioning all those opening nights on Broadway and how he loved the discos. *Was he really being kept by Ralph? Was that why he never spoke of him? Was it shame on his part?* All James' thoughts were banished as doubt took possession.

When Ralph spoke again, his voice seemed triumphant, victorious. "So you see, my dear James, that's why I believe Glen would never go to the point of actually leaving me. He's a very practical person. He never carries his folly too far." He paused, then laughed. "However, I'm being very foolish in trying to dissuade you. Youth always leaps before it listens. But I hope you can see I'm thinking of Glen's happiness as well as your own, my boy. It's hard to understand, I know, but then you're still young."

James said nothing. He sat watching Ralph finish his drink. He was thoroughly confused. What did he really know about Glen? A month was a very short time. Suddenly, he wanted to run.

"My, but the time has gone fast. It's nearly five-thirty." Ralph smiled. "If it would be easier, James, I could wait for Glen alone. It's up to you. Perhaps, you'd prefer that the three of us talk this over?"

James rose.

"I'm sure this is the best way, James."

The young man nodded. The defeat was complete. He turned and left.

Ralph smiled faintly as the waiter approached.

"Yes, I'll pay his check." He handed the waiter a ten dollar bill. "You can bring me another martini."

***

Promptly at five-thirty, a blond young man entered and looked about the room. He gave a slight start when his eyes met Ralph's. Regaining his composure, he approached the booth.

"Ralph!" Glen's voice was tense. "This is a surprise." Then guardedly: "Are you waiting for someone?"

"You, my darling," he said, rising and smiling blandly. "Please join me."

"How did you know I'd be here?" Glen sat down.

"I overheard you making the appointment." He sat down again. "Is it anyone I know, my dear."

Glen looked into a face that betrayed no suspicion. He appeared relieved and laughed. "Just a few of the gang." He glanced about the room. "Might be embarrassing for you. Hadn't you better run along?"

"Perhaps I should. Have you any money, darling?"

Glen looked at him coldly. "I've already given you your allowance. This wild spending of yours has got to stop. I'm at the end of my patience."

"But not your funds ..."

Glen didn't reply.

Ralph bent over the table near him. "Let's not make a scene, darling. Just give me some money, and I'll leave ... or if you'd like, I can stay here with you."

"No!" he said quickly. "I'll give you the money."

"I know you'd see it my way." He smiled as he patted Glen's hand.

"One of these days--"

"You'll leave me?" he answered. "Don't talk that way, or Papa will have to spank you. You'd like that, wouldn't you? It always absolves you from the guilt of being what you are, doesn't it?"

Glen didn't answer. He took out his billfold, removed a fifty-dollar bill and handed it to Ralph.

"Thank you, my dear. You're very generous today. But then, you can always afford to be, can't you?" He placed the bill in his wallet with a slow, deliberate gesture. "I do love you so very much for it."

"Get out of here."

Ralph bent down and patted Glen's cheek. "Try not to be too late for dinner. I'm preparing you a gourmet meal. Good-bye and have a good time."

Ralph hesitated at the doorway and turned back. He smiled at the thought of Glen's waiting . . . and waiting.

HERB KELLY is a former restaurateur and professional actor. Having retired to Florida, he now works actively with a local AIDS support group.

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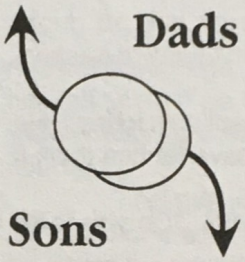

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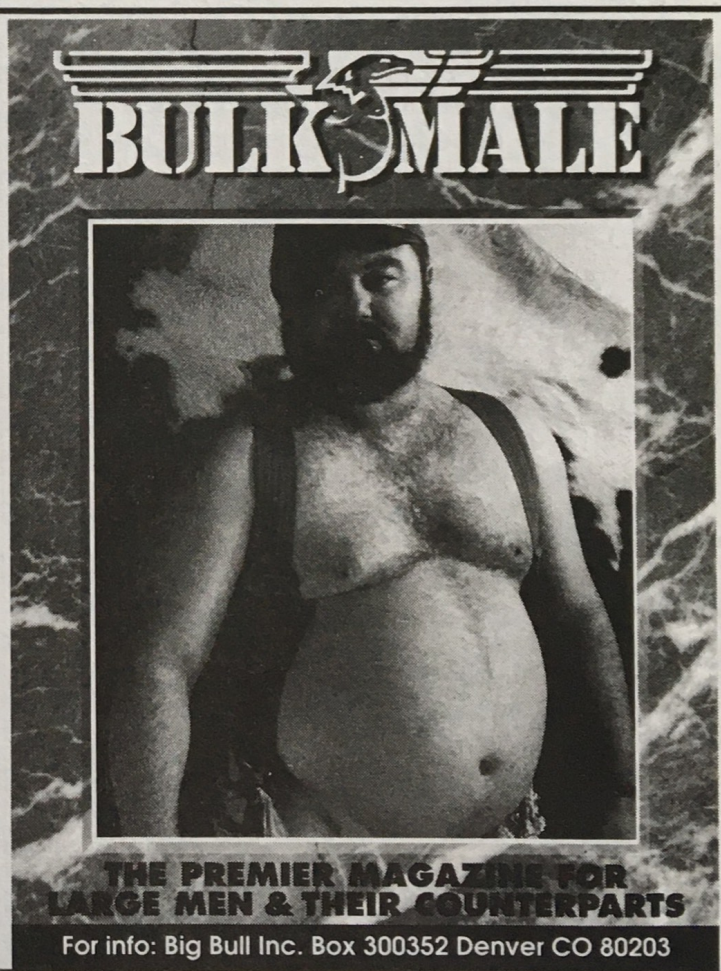


MASSAGE

The best you'll find anywhere. Thorough, erotic, complete. GENE WAGNER, San Diego, nr. Balboa Park. (619 574-6758

THE FINAL WORD

A correspondence stack nine inches tall awaits, as does the finishing touches to this issue. The phone rings madly. CRC #3 is being stuffed into envelopes by Gary, BIG MAC, BARNEY and Bruce as Pat packs 89 boxes for distribution to book stores and wholesalers. A 90-hour work week is about to end as another looms ahead. Bruce says, "Read this." Pat turns away, looks in agony at the 4-week-old correspondence stack. "Read," Bruce insists. Pat reads:

"I just had to write to say, 'A million thanks.' I know you probably hear that all the time, but in my case you are a life saver. *Literally.* I was ready to end this lie I call a life. I've known since I was a teenager that I was gay, or as they called it then, 'queer.' But I lied about it and kept it hidden. After high school and four years in the air force, I decided I would get married and live a 'normal' life. I was 23 years old when I married in 1964, and my wife was the first woman I ever had sex with. I realized early on that it was a mistake, but I couldn't face not being 'normal.' After 17 years and six kids, the bottom fell out. My wife caught me masturbating in the barn with a bunch of gay magazines around. Until that day, I'd always carefully kept them hidden and used them for stimulation. She told me she wanted a divorce because I was 'queer', and she didn't want me around the kids. She said that unless I agreed to everything she wanted she'd file charges of child molestation against me. Though I was not guilty of such a thing, I agreed. I knew that just having it splashed all over the newspapers would have ruined any chance of a life afterwards, not to mention the strong possibility of a jury believing her over me. So she got what she wanted, which was everything I had, plus half of my paycheck for 16 years. But still I saved the lie. I thought I would find some nice guy and live happily ever after. After 12 years and five brief encounters, I found out it doesn't happen that way. I subscribed to a gay mailing list, which proved to be a mistake too. After four years, I still get letters under the alias I used. Ninety percent of them are from inmates wanting money or cigarettes or stamps. One wanted me to help him get a $10,000 loan so he could start his own business when he gets out. I came across a copy of *Advocate Men* and found your ad. I sent for a sample then went to a local adult book store and found CR #57. I didn't know there was a whole world out there filled with people like me. At 52, 5'-10", and 253#, I never figured I'd find anyone who'd want me for anything. Now I know differently. Someday soon I'll get my nerve up and send you a photo, but in the meantime, I'm happy just looking at guys like me and knowing I'm not alone any more. Thank you, thank you, thank you! May all your days be sunny and warm. Bless you all." An anonymous Midwesterner.

This kind of letter makes the 90-hour work week worth it. The glow spreads to just short of pride, then the reality hits that it's just not enough. No time for pride.

Over the past few months, several of our subscribers have told us of the recent loss of their lifemates. Photographer CHELSEA WILLIAMS lost Felix; writer E.A. AMOS lost Doug; models IRONWORKER, THE BANKER, ED HARVEY and BUBU all lost their partners of many years. We agonized over what to say to them. Are there any soothing words when grief has temporarily banished a man to empty, cold space? We try, but I wonder if we are as effective as someone who's already gone through it--someone like THE COLONEL or RAM. Both these marvelous men are with new lifemates now and rebuilding their lives. Would their words soothe with hope? But there are so many more like the above two co-founders-- men who've gone through all the nightmarish phases of grief and survived with fond memories and that special joy in knowing that they, unlike so many, found ultimate love. How do we get these men together so that they can help each other? How do we get them to the qualified professionals within our ranks who are deeply sympathetic and understand that so many haven't nearly the funds to pay for such therapy? How do we get them to the C-Risers who are clergy of the same faith?

We need help, gentlemen. These guys are hurting.

E.A. AMOS: "I lost my Douglas just past his 46th birthday. He fought a nine-year battle, five with full-blown AIDS; it leaves a void in my life that is difficult to describe. Suddenly I have no one that was such a part of me, or I of him. We have all heard it so many times, and so many times we have consoled others going

through similar circumstances; still, when it happens, one is nearly overcome with the finality of it. So as I begin to sort through his things, clothes and collections, photos of our life together, the pain is so intense that I can only flee the house, dogs in tow, and drive aimlessly about, dreading the return home. One thing is certain: Doug left this world a better place than when he entered it. He gave of himself and fought for those who have become caught in the back wash. The phone still rings for those seeking his help, and the mail still arrives asking for his assistance. When I hear the catch in their voices, my heart pounds when I have to say he is no longer here."

A reader from Texas: "I feel like Auntie Mame after she lost Beau. I've stopped at the same places again, revisiting the areas which bring about beautiful memories of the days when Michael was alive and with me. I'm now heading south along the Natchez Trace, as it was one of our favorite areas. The fifth wheel gets big and lonely on occasion, but it's a trip I must make by myself. The difficult part will be when I get to Houston. We spent nearly two years at M.D. Anderson Cancer Center battling Michael's tumors. But there are some kind people I must stop and visit."

There are other readers who are in the process of losing their mates through chronic disease. Like CHELSEA and E.A., they know it's only a matter of time, but when the final day comes, it won't be any less painful. We want those men to reach out to us, but we are so ill-equipped and understaffed to do anything of substance for them.

We are at a severe crisis level here. There is just not enough time to do all the things we must do. We have placed ads for part-time help in virtually every gay and mainstream newspaper in the region with very few replies; we've placed notices in gay bars. Straight men and women who respond back off when they find out the nature of the magazines. Senior men don't respond because the politically correct press will not allow an ad which specifically asks for a senior male. We've interviewed only one person--a gay man--but he took a job in Houston before we could hire him.

Even if we *could* hire someone to help out with the filing, correspondence, accounting and shipping, we would still need additional help in the area of fielding calls from C-Risers who are in desperate emotional need--not just from grief, but from loneliness so profound that they are considering suicide. Men who've lived most of their lives thinking they had no future are calling and writing us in record numbers, but we're in danger of not being able to adequately handle such a staggering flood. We're at the precipice of an abyss, a fall into which would render us unable to properly maintain CR and CR CLASSICS, let alone grab an outstretched hand.

While we grapple with the problem of finding some local help (know any Victor Valley or Inland Empire senior men who want to make good money?), we need qualified C-Risers who will agree to become part of an outreach program. We propose to establish a bank of volunteers consisting of those who've survived the loss of a mate, as well as psychiatrists, clinical psychologists, clergy, social workers, etc., and refer those in need to the proper source. Volunteers may use code names or their real names. Home telephone numbers would be given out prudently (and never published); we anticipate that calls would be rare to occasional, depending upon the size of our volunteer pool. Rest assured, however, that virtually all of the calls fielded will be from sincere, decent men who need help. We have yet to receive a distress call from anyone not fitting that mold.

Before a flock of angels comes forward and we attempt to lift this program off the ground, volunteers should be reminded of the responsibility. Think it through before you throw your hat into the ring.

Those accepted as CR OUTREACH VOLUNTEERS will be listed in CR by code name. Those accredited professionals who specialize in just such services and want to donate a small amount of their time to this program will receive CR staff consultant status and a complimentary subscription to CR and CRC for the duration of their tenure.

We're flexible and welcome any suggestions.

Do we hear the sweet sound of flapping celestial wings?

Happy Holidays,

BAREKAT, BIG MAC,
BRUCE, CHARLIE,
DENNY, JACK,
JIM, MARSH,
PAT and THE VIKING

CHIRON RISING SPRING GATHERING - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
JUNE 5 THROUGH JUNE 8, 1994
RESERVATION AND REGISTRATION INFORMATION

THE HOTEL AND RESERVATION INFORMATION

The ALADDIN HOTEL AND CASINO, 3667 Las Vegas Blvd., South - A block or so south of Bally's, Caesar's Palace, The Mirage and Flamingo, and a block north of the Tropicana, Excalibur, MGM Grand and Luxor. The Aladdin features 1,200 suites and rooms, 3 gourmet restaurants, a coffee shop, a snack bar, a buffet restaurant, 24-hour room service, swimming pool, tennis courts, a 700-seat showroom ("Country Tonight"), a 100-seat lounge, and a 7,000-seat theatre for the performing arts. Rooms are elegantly appointed and feature private safes, a choice of two double beds or one king, and spectacular views. McCarran International Airport is less than 3 miles away. The Aladdin's casino is 50,000 square feet, airy (not at all smoky), and claims to have some of the loosest slot machines in Las Vegas. This hotel cares about guest safety and has installed an elaborate security system with video monitors overlooking all hallways on every floor.

BILL WORRALL

ROOM RATES: An unbelievable $36, exclusive of taxes. That's $36 per ROOM, or $18 per person, double occupancy. No more than two to a room, please. Room rates are applicable from June 3 through June 10, based on availability.

RESERVATIONS AND TERMS: Room reservations may be made by calling (800) 634-3424 and stating that you are part of the *Chiron Rising* group. A one night's room deposit will be required, as well as a security deposit for telephone charges. Since this price is based upon our being able to fill 300 rooms, all attendees are required to stay in the host hotel (unless one lives in the Las Vegas area or the hotel sells out of rooms). Check-in can be no earlier than 3:00 p.m., and check-out must be no later than 12:00 noon.

WARNING: The hotel will hold these rates until May 1, 1994, or sell-out, whichever comes first. Bear in mind, however, that if the Aladdin books a big name at their theatre for the performing arts for the same week we're there, rooms could quickly sell out. Register now or you may get stuck in a less desirable hotel at a rate triple the above special rate.

REGISTRATION FEE AND TERMS

Postmarked no later than 1/2/94 - $105.00 per person.

Thereafter - $120.00 per person (subject to space availability).

Note: Most Las Vegas conventions are booked more than a year in advance. Standard terms of payment to Las Vegas Strip hotels is 50% of projected total food and beverage costs, payable 5-6 months in advance. On 1/2/94, we will be forced to finalize the size of the convention with an allowance of only 10 % for late registrations, making it very difficult for anyone to attend at the last minute. Be smart. Register **before** 12/31/93 .

Registration fees are fully refundable up to December 31, 1993. Thereafter, registrants will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25.00. However, there can be no refunds after May 1, 1994, because we will have fully paid the hotel in advance. Special considerations will be made in matters of emergency.

INCLUDED IN REGISTRATION PACKAGE

1. Hospitality Room light refreshments (coffee, tea, sweet rolls, donuts, fruit, soft drinks, etc.) for three days and nights.
2. Hospitality Room entertainment (speakers, video screenings, accompanied singers, other surprises).
3. June 6 lavish dinner show, starring comedian/keyboard wizard, BILL WORRALL.
4. Hors d'oeuvres (from nuts to jumbo shrimp to rumaki) for gala cocktail parties on June 6th and 7th (cash bars).
5. June 8 farewell brunch buffet.

WHO'S INVITED

All mature men and their male admirers regardless of color, size, sexual orientation, political affiliation, religion and age (must be over 18, however). You do not have to be a CR subscriber, but you must register with CR.

HOW TO REGISTER

Simply tell us you're coming and remit the appropriate funds to *Chiron Rising*, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. In your note, state:

1. The full names and addresses of the persons you are registering so we can confirm receipt.
2. Your preference of smoker or nonsmoker and your telephone number ONLY if you need a roommate (we haven't the time to pair you up by age or physical attributes, so please don't ask). We will advise the address and telephone number of your assigned roommate, and the two of you can decide on who makes/alters your reservations.

See you all there!

The CR Staff

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, BACK ISSUES AND CLASSIFIED ADS

NO ORDERING FORMS ARE NECESSARY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST:

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NORTH AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
'93: #56, #57, #58	3.00	6.00

(NOTE: Due to an unprecedented rush on back issues, we have sold out of all CR issues through 55 and CR CLASSICS #1.)

CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#2 - SPRING/SUMMER 93	5.00	7.00
#3 - FALL/WINTER 93/94	8.00	10.00

We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere.

IMPORTANT: SIGN A STATMENT THAT YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE AND SEND YOUR ORDER NOTE TO OUR ADDRESS AS NOTED BELOW.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #60 (FEB 94) NO LATER THAN DECEMBER15, 1993

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 cents and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER".

YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION.

YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

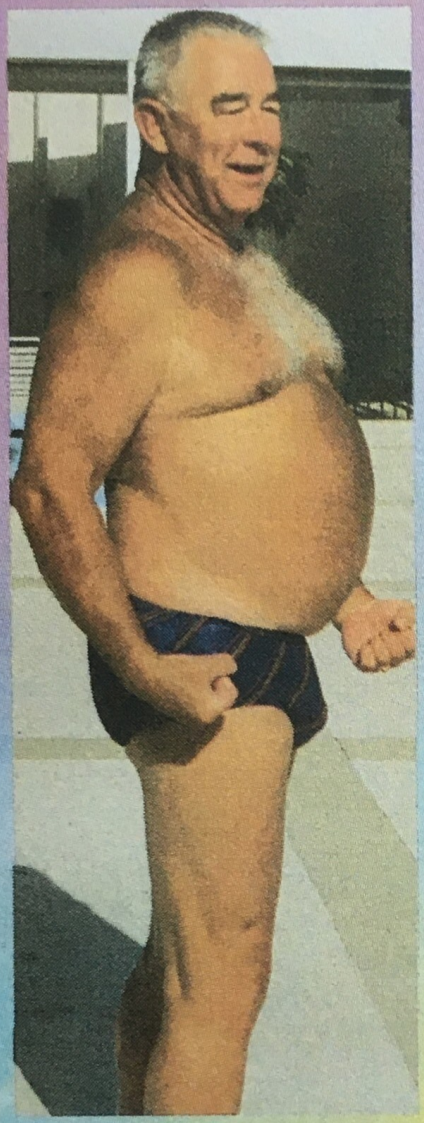
Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna,Phalan)

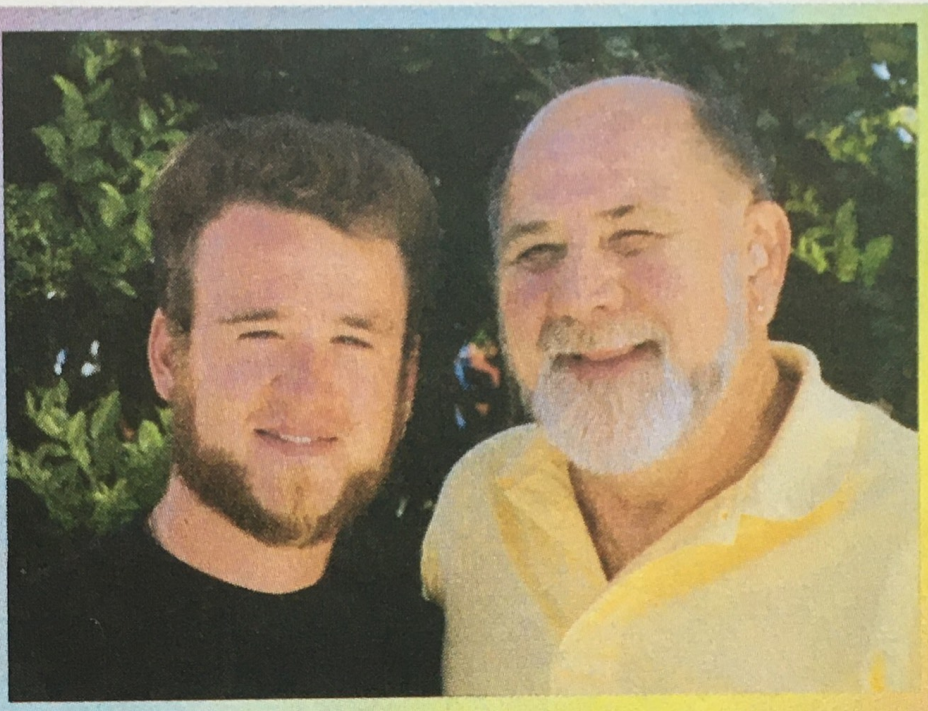
TWO ENGLISH GENTLEMEN DRESSED TO THE NINES

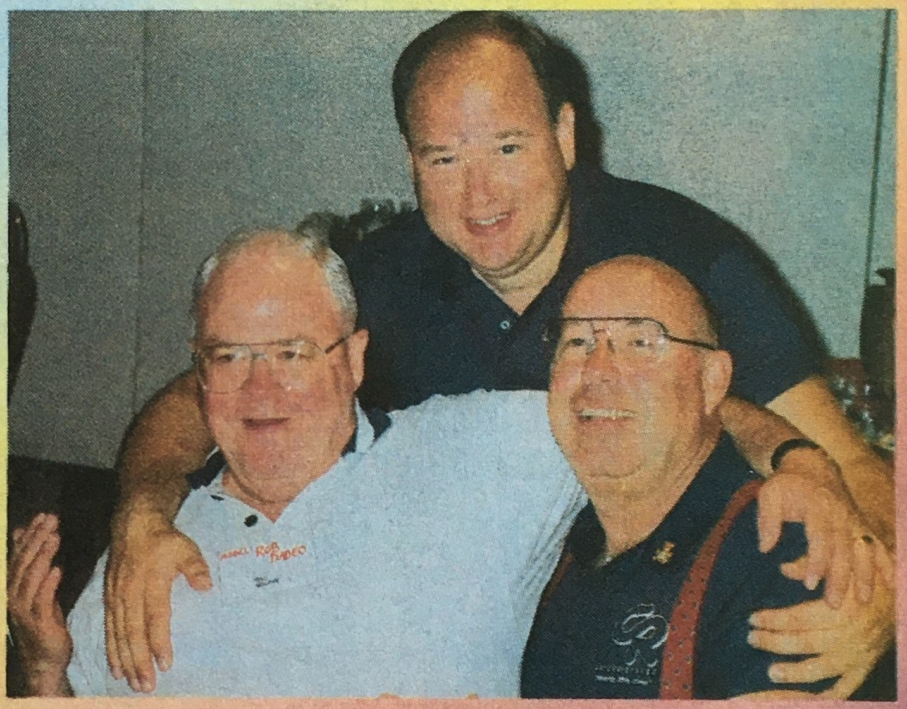
PANDA & JON - photo by PANDA

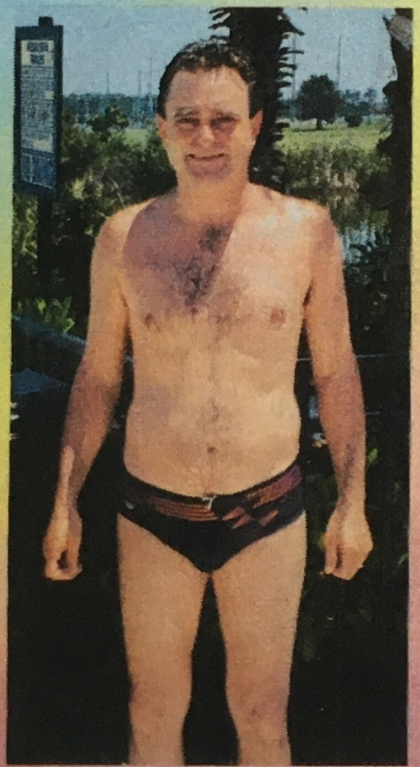
MATURE NUDES I

Top, left to right: **ROMULUS** - a self-portrait; **WILLI** - a self-portrait; **HORNED TOAD** - a self-portrait. Bottom: **MARC MANN** - photo by ALTOMAR PRODUCTIONS; **BRUNO** - photo by CARLO; **THE RANCHER** - photo by JOEL



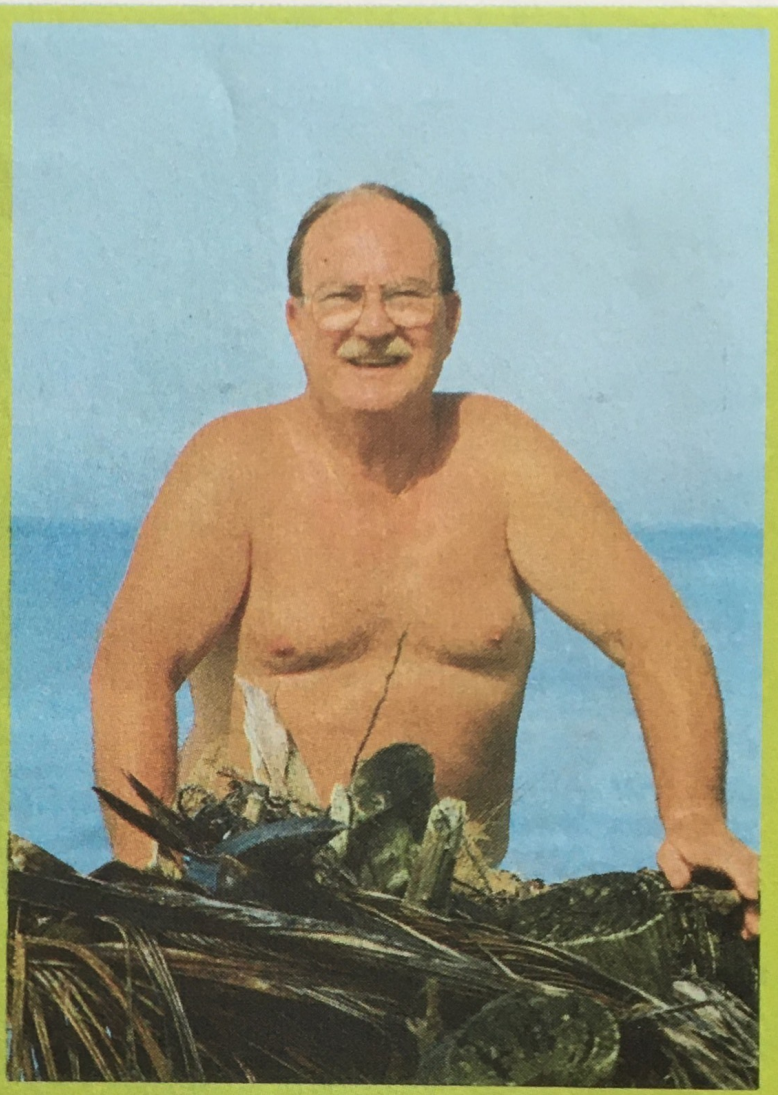


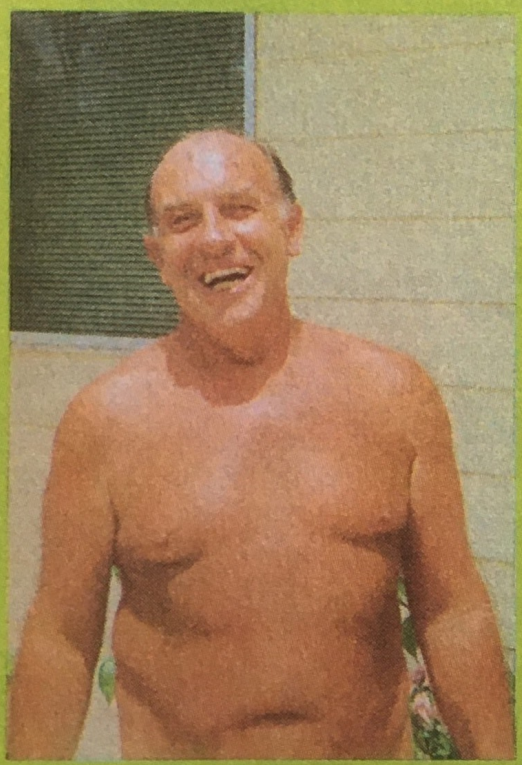




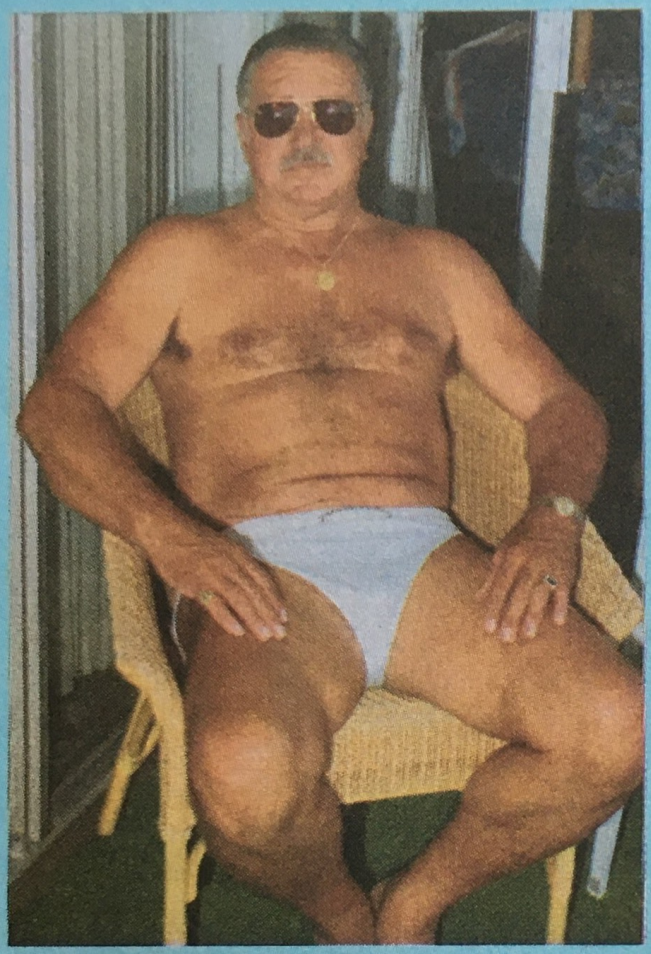
Clockwise from upper left: **GENTLE BEN** - photo by LES; **MUT & BIG PAW**; **ROB DADEO, KIM & GEORGIA EDDIE** - photo by STEVE; **THE FRIAR and ERICH** - photo by TOMCAT; **PAUL** - photo by DRIVER

MATURE AND READY II



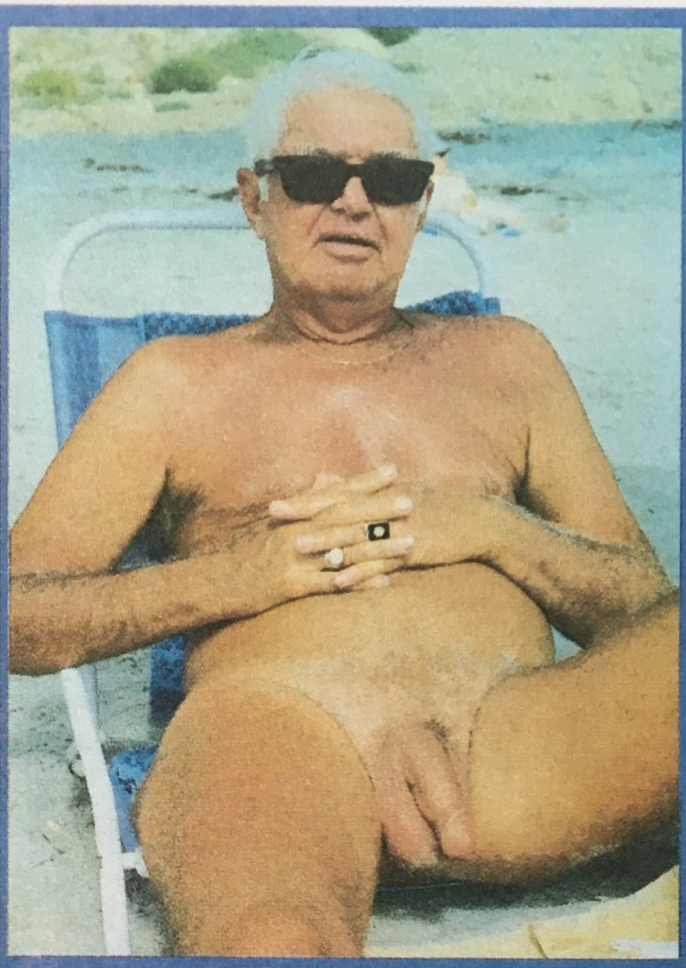


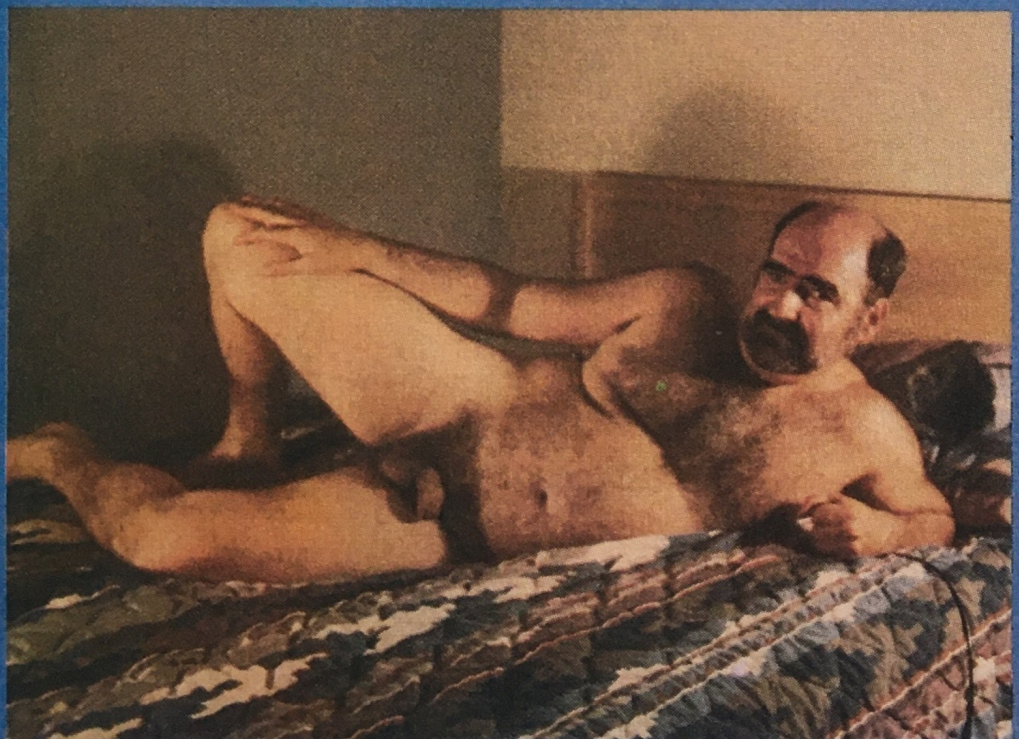
Left to right - Top: **BILL OF SAN FRANCISCO** - photo by STEVE; **THE PILOT** - photo by AVIATOR. Bottom: **DON K.** - photo by J.J. Sucre; **RAY W.** - photo by BLAIR; **NUTHATCH** - photo by JUNIOR

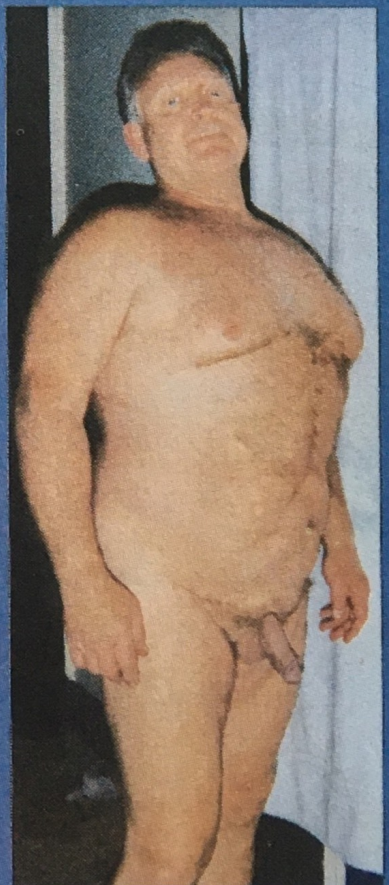


Left to right - Top: **THE WRANGLER** - photo by LES; **HAWO** - photo by HONZA. Bottom: **DEBUSEN** - photo by BILL; **SUNDIAL** - a self-portrait.

MATURE NUDES II







Left to right - Top: **R.B. REAL** - photo by JOEL; **MR. DRIP** - photo by ARIES. Bottom: **MR. G** - a self-portrait; **THE DUKE** - photo by TONY WAYNE

ROOSTER II
photo by MARIO

SANTA IN THE MIST

GREYBEARD

PHOTO BY SONNY